

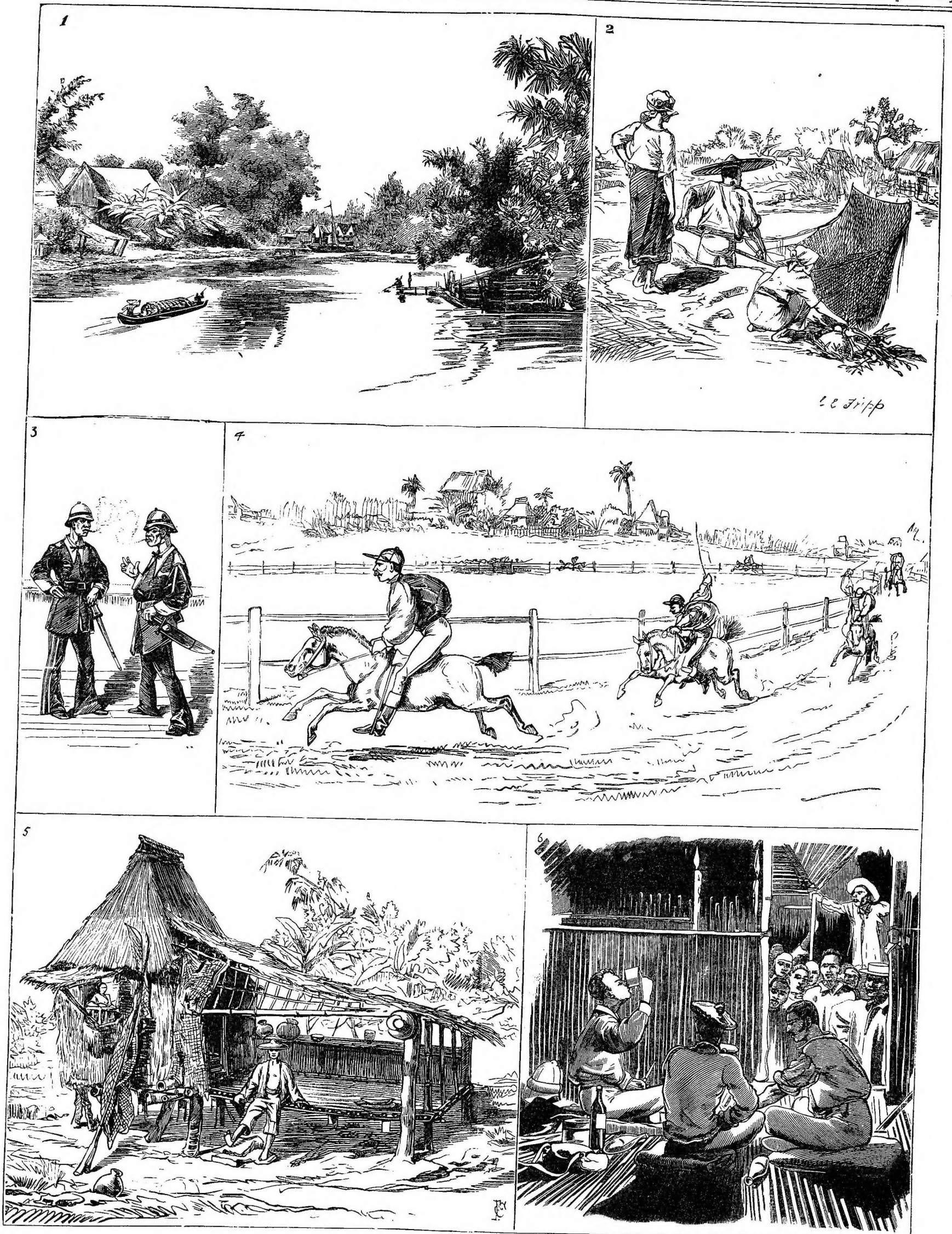
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 652.—VOL. XXV.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882

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1. A River Scene.—2. Natives Fishing.—3. Military Occupation.—4. Races.—5. Native Hut.—6. Camping Out  
ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," XVII.—MANILA  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



## Topics of the Week

**CRIME IN IRELAND.**—Her poverty, the rarity of great cities, and, it may be fairly added, certain special virtues in the character of her people, keep Ireland comparatively free from many of the misdeeds which disgrace Great Britain. But in the number and atrocity of what, for want of a more comprehensive adjective, we must call agrarian crimes, Ireland beats every country in Europe. This is unfortunately no new phenomenon, although the symptoms have become intensified during the last two years. Secret societies, with the concomitants of threatening letters, cattle-mutilations, midnight raids, and hedge murders, have existed for centuries. The chief novelty of the present situation is that, in addition to the domestic incentives to these outrages, the poverty, the evictions, the feuds bred by differences of race and religion, and the vague traditional hatred of England, a faction has risen up in a country beyond our jurisdiction which strives its utmost to fan the flame of Irish discontent and unrest. We have no liking for what are called Coercion Acts (in reality they coerce none except those who deserve to be coerced), but without doubt they have formerly proved effectual during periods of exceptional disorder. It would be the height of folly to underrate the influence of the Irish-American agitators, and, therefore, it is to be hoped that the Government will maintain their ground as regards the provisions against aliens, and the restraints upon the press. Much of the existing disloyalty in Ireland (which probably exceeds that of any former period) may be traced to the personal influence of Irish-American agents, and to the perpetual preaching of a gospel of violence and bloodshed by the dynamite newspapers printed in New York. These clauses of the Bill may be regarded as preventive rather than punitive, but it is important to ascertain whether its other provisions will at least sometimes ensure the detection and punishment of criminals who now break the law with impunity. The summary powers entrusted to magistrates may induce sufferers to come forward who did not care to present themselves before juries which were almost certain, through fear or sympathy, to acquit the prisoners. The judges very naturally do not relish the odium of having to convict without the interposing screen of a jury; it is a painful and somewhat perilous duty; but after all they are paid for this kind of work, and they run less risk than is run by isolated jurymen. At the same time, we incline to believe that for offences of this kind the short and summary process of military tribunals would have been far more effectual. But Englishmen, where they have to deal with people who wear white skins—for they can be despotic enough with "niggers"—are terribly averse to any departure from time-honoured constitutional methods. Foreigners cannot understand this squeamishness. If the Governments of either France or Germany had the management of Ireland, they would restore order in six months, because they would go to work to effect their object without the slightest scruple.

**EGYPT.**—The presence of English and French ironclads at Alexandria has not produced so strong an immediate impression in Egypt as was generally anticipated. The explanation probably is that Arabi Pasha does not believe in the sincerity of the agreement between the Western Powers. He fancies that there are in the background difficulties which would, in the last resort, compel each of them to pursue an independent policy. This theory is not altogether without foundation; but, so far as he is concerned, there should be no occasion for serious divergence of opinion in Western Europe. For a time it seemed just possible that Arabi Pasha might represent a genuine movement of national feeling, and there are English observers who still maintain that he ought to be regarded as a disinterested and enlightened patriot. It is always difficult in Eastern countries to obtain trustworthy evidence regarding popular sentiment; but such evidence as is accessible in the present instance tends to show that the majority of the Egyptians side, not with Arabi Pasha, but with the Khedive. The Notables could hardly have given a more decisive proof of loyalty than by declining to assemble when summoned illegally by the Cabinet, and their refusal was certainly not resented by the classes whom they are supposed to represent. The Egyptian people appear to have a sincere desire to obtain more direct means of regulating their own affairs; and the wish is one which, within easily-defined limits, England can have no interest in thwarting. But to allow Egypt to pass under the rule of a military adventurer would be to prevent her from acquiring even the most elementary of those rights which she is believed to claim. The first duty of the Western Powers, therefore, is to make a military despotism impossible; and if a naval demonstration does not suffice for this purpose, the Western Powers will have no alternative but to adopt more vigorous measures. France dislikes the idea of a Turkish occupation, and we can easily understand that it is not contemplated with much pleasure by Mr. Gladstone; but that is probably the only form of active intervention that would be either practicable or effectual.

**THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.**—More truly than ever it may now be said that the Alps no longer exist. The Great Napoleon would have thought less of that admirable road

across the Simplon could he have foreseen the advent of a time when the traveller, instead of spending many hours in slowly climbing and descending a mountain, would be whirled through its bowels in some five-and-twenty minutes. And, in another respect, these modern roads compare favourably with those constructed by the orders of the Corsican adventurer. Force was with him the remedy for everything, and these latter roads were made for the passage of cannon, which are effective preachers of force. But our modern tunnels, such as those of Cenis and St. Gothard, are mainly designed for the promotion of peaceful intercourse. It is a pity that the French have shown such sulkiness over the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel. If this feeling arose from mere commercial jealousy lest the traffic under Mont Cenis should be diminished, the sentiment would be both unworthy and foolish, for, judging by experience elsewhere, new facilities create new traffic, and so far from Mont Cenis losing its trade the chances are that before many years another subterranean passage beneath the backbone of Europe will be found advisable. The soreness of the French, however, is chiefly due to political causes. It was the expenditure of French blood and treasure which enabled Italy to cease being a "mere geographical expression," and to become a nation. The Italians have never shown such gratitude as the French think is their due; perhaps they thought that the late Emperor was paid sufficiently for his crusade by the cession of Nice. Other events, too, have tended to estrange the two nations, notably, the practical annexation of Tunis by France. Meanwhile, a friendly feeling has for years been growing up between Germany and Italy. Their amity arises in some measure from their exceeding unlikeness in many respects, but they also have points of resemblance. Both are youthful Powers, developed in each case out of an older nucleus, namely, Prussia and Lombardy. There can be no doubt that the new Tunnel will bind Germany and Italy more closely together. Not only does each country produce that which the other lacks, and which now can be carried to and fro swiftly and cheaply, but Germans, who are great travellers and excellent linguists, will pour by thousands into those fertile plains, though with more peaceful intentions than those of their ancestors who used to set forth a score of centuries ago on similar journeys.

**QUIET IN FRANCE.**—The curious lull in French politics seemed likely to be broken the other day by the retirement of M. Léon Say from the Ministry. A vote of confidence hastily passed by the Chamber enabled him, however, to withdraw his resignation; and thus calm was restored. It would, of course, be a mistake to suppose that, because the Chambers and the Government move on so placidly, there are no serious elements of discord beneath the surface. For the present the Republic seems to have nothing to fear either from the Bonapartists or the Legitimists; but it is not so clear that the Socialists are practically harmless. They indulge freely in very wild talk; and, if we may accept their own account of their success, they are steadily making way among the working classes. The members of the Extreme Left, although less extravagant than the Socialists, certainly do not recognise in M. de Freycinet an ideal Prime Minister; and M. Gambetta will by and by begin to prepare, if he is not already preparing, for a return to power. All these sources of disturbance must be taken into account; and an important mistake on the part of the Ministry might lead to a sudden and formidable display of hostile forces. But, in the mean time, M. de Freycinet maintains a fairly good position by doing as little as he possibly can both at home and abroad. France has seldom had an experience of this kind in modern times, and it may be hoped that she will permanently profit by it. Hitherto she has always expected her rulers to be covering themselves with glory, either by diplomatic and military triumphs or by miraculous feats of legislation. At present she has a Government which leaves well alone, and the result is that the majority of the people are prosperous and contented. The recollection of this fact may perhaps tend hereafter to diminish her confidence in the large promises of politicians who desire above all things to display their energy.

**SAILOR BOYS AT SEA.**—The Psalmist says:—"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and it is to be feared that ships must occasionally be reckoned among these "dark places." The master of a fishing smack has just been hanged for the murder of an apprentice, the crime being perpetrated in a most cold-blooded and relentless manner; while, on the other hand, a negro boy of fifteen has been sentenced to a nominal punishment for stabbing to death the mate of a ship who had treated him with systematic brutality. Here happen to be two cases of which the world becomes cognisant; but how many occur which are never heard of beyond the precincts of the vessel? Sailors are a rough and reckless set of men, boys are apt to be provoking, captains are necessarily armed with despotic powers, and the desire to maintain discipline causes them to support the acts of their subordinates. No doubt the presence of passengers acts in many cases as a check on gross cruelty; but even where passengers have felt indignant at things which they have witnessed, their wrath is apt to evaporate in the excitement of going ashore; or, even if they do lodge a formal complaint, they find that the magistrate at the port is a ship-chandler, who is pretty sure to side with the skipper. It is, however, in vessels which do not carry passengers that the worst abuses occur, and it is worth

considering whether inspectors should not be specially appointed to inquire into such cases with the view of deciding whether they deserve magisterial investigation.

**ARREARS.**—Although the Arrears Bill is certain to be passed by the House of Commons, few English members seem to support it very heartily. Even Mr. Gladstone, in moving the second reading, spoke with less than his usual confidence; and Mr. Forster admitted that it was with reluctance he had decided to vote for the measure. If Ireland were likely to be conciliated by the method of "gift and compulsion," probably the majority of Englishmen would be willing to accomplish so great an object even by a departure from recognised economic principles; but who really believes that the Arrears Bill will conciliate Ireland? Whatever precautions may be taken, it will be impossible to discriminate in all cases between tenants who can, and tenants who cannot, pay their arrears; and the former class, as everybody sees, will be encouraged by success to agitate for new concessions. As for tenants who cannot pay, they will be inadequately relieved by the Arrears Bill. They have other debts besides their rents, and evictions due to the initiative of shopkeepers and money-lenders will not be less bitter than evictions ordered by landlords. The truth is that in the West of Ireland there are a great many tenants whom the State could not under any circumstances aid effectually. Their holdings are so wretched that if they were delivered altogether from the necessity of paying rent they would still be miserably poor. For this class there is only one genuine remedy, and that is emigration. This is admitted by every English politician who has given serious attention to the subject, and it was urged with much force by Mr. W. H. Smith during the debate on the second reading; but the Government seem unwilling to grapple with the real difficulties of the situation. They prefer expedients by which they hope to escape at least from temporary perplexities. In the present instance there is not much chance that they will have even this amount of good fortune. That the payment of debts by the State will stimulate cupidity is obvious; but there is no evidence that it will tend in the slightest degree to allay discontent.

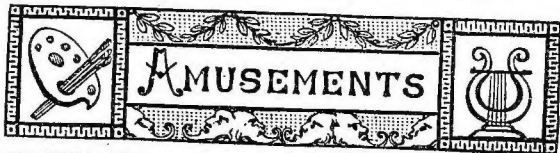
**MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.**—You are an amateur with a nice voice, and you are asked to sing at a charity concert. You cheerfully accept, and deliver some favourite old ditty such as "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," with great effect. You afterwards discover that in the audience you had at least one highly appreciative listener, for within a day or two you receive a letter from an enterprising gentleman, who says that he is agent for the holder of the copyright of the above song, and who threatens proceedings in case a certain fine is not paid forthwith. As you are informed that legally this gentleman is within his rights, and that you have not a leg to stand upon, you pay the money, but your enthusiasm for singing at charitable concerts is thereafter visibly cooled. Now it is a monstrous thing that a carelessly-worded enactment should enable these crafty spiders to make prey of poor musical flies who buzz unawares into their nets. So Mr. Gorst has brought in a Bill which enacts that if the owner of a musical copyright desires to retain in his hands the right of public representation he must print a notice to that effect outside the cover of the piece. We hope Mr. Chamberlain will support this sensible little Bill, which deals with a downright injustice, and will not insist on Mr. Gorst waiting (as he hinted on Monday night) till the copyright question can be dealt with as a whole. The copyright question as a whole is a very complicated affair, and is chiefly interesting to publishers and authors, who are quite capable of looking after their own interests, and who do manage, even under the present confessedly defective system, to secure pretty completely what they want; whereas this manifest abuse of musical copyright affects the public generally, and inflicts anxiety and pecuniary loss on a set of inexperienced persons, who deserve encouragement rather than punishment.

**LATE SHOPPING.**—An earnest appeal has been addressed this week to the public, and especially to ladies, by the Early Closing Association, to abandon the practice of what is called late shopping. Similar appeals have often been made before, but not hitherto with much success. Surely this is not creditable either to the good feeling or to the good sense of those who, by very slight self-sacrifice, would be able to make life more tolerable to a vast multitude of men and women. At present a large number of shop assistants have to toil from early in the morning until late at night, with no break in their dreary routine except Sunday; and even Sunday is deprived of much of its charm by the exceptional labours of the previous day. Of course, if this state of things were necessary, shop assistants would have to make the best of it; but nobody pretends that it is really necessary. In the majority of cases shopping might be done quite as well in the forenoon, or in the afternoon, as in the evening. Even the working classes, if they were as keenly alive to the welfare of other people as to their own, might without much difficulty obtain all they want at a comparatively early hour. It would be especially easy for them to relieve shop assistants on Saturdays; but they usually defer their purchases until they have enjoyed their half-holiday to the full. Would it not be advisable for the Early Closing Association to enter into negotiations with the leading Trades Unions on the subject? It is incredible that these bodies, if the grievance were fairly submitted to them, would decline to attend to it; and a word from them would



probably have more effect on the working classes generally than any number of letters in the newspapers. So far as the action of the better-off section of the community is concerned, shop assistants can hope for improvement only from persistent agitation by the usual methods. Already a slight impression has been produced by their efforts; and, since they have to complain rather of thoughtlessness than of a deliberate purpose to injure them, they need not despair of achieving in the end a complete triumph.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of a SHEET AND THREE-QUARTERS, the Half-Sheet being devoted to pictures relating to LEICESTER, with Descriptive Letter-press.—The Half and Quarter-Sheets, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 528 and 541.



#### AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

DOORS OPEN TEN O'CLOCK.  
 HORSE SHOW. This Day, SATURDAY, May 27. 25.6d.  
 HORSE SHOW. WHITE MONDAY, May 29. 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. WHITE TUESDAY, May 30. 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. WEDNESDAY, May 31. 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. THURSDAY, June 1. 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. Last Day, FRIDAY, June 2. 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. Parade of Prize Horses every Day.  
 HORSE SHOW. Register of Hunters, Hacks, Harness, Horses, for Sale. Apply to the Secretary.  
 HORSE SHOW. Horses under Saddle and in Harness.  
 HORSE SHOW. Leaping Extra, WHITE MONDAY.  
 HORSE SHOW. Leaping Competition Every Day.  
 HORSE SHOW. Reserved Seats, 10s. and 5s.  
 HORSE SHOW. Reserved Seats, all New and Solid.  
 HORSE SHOW. Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.  
 HORSE SHOW. Entrance, Islington Green.  
 HORSE SHOW. Reserved Seats Entrance, Bedford Street.  
 By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.  
 Agricultural Hall Company (Limited).

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—First

Appearance of Madame Pauline Lucca.—Saturday, May 27th, CARMEN (to commence at 8.15) will be produced. Mme. Pauline Lucca, Madame Valleria; Mons. Bouhy and Signor Lestellier. Conductor, Mons. Dupont.  
 Monday, May 29th, being Whit-Monday, there will be no performance.  
 Madame Sembrich.—Tuesday, May 30th, LA SONNAMBULA. Madame Sembrich, Signor de Reszke, and Mons. Massart.  
 Madame Adeline Patti.—Wednesday, May 31st, L'ETOILE DU NORD (to commence at 8.15). Madame Adeline Patti, Madame Valleria, Signor Lestellier, and Mons. Gailhard.  
 Madame Albani.—Thursday, June 1st (first time this season), Wagner's Opera, LOHENGRIN. To commence at 8 o'clock. Madame Albani, Mdlle. Stahl, Signor Cotogni, and Mons. Sylva. Conductor Mons. Dupont.  
 Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera commences at half-past.  
 The Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 till 5.  
 Orchestral stalls, £1 5s. side boxes on the first tier, £3 3s; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.  
 EVERY EVENING, at 8.00, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terriss, Howe, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturdays, May 27, June 3, 10, at 2 o'clock. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) 10 to 5. 100th Performance, June 24, Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry.

JUNE 15.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. GEORGE WAITS'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Messdames Christine Nilsson, Olga Bergli, Sembrich, Trebelli, and Marie Rose; M.M. Edward Lloyd, Massart, Foli, and De Reszke; Solo Pianoforte, Madame Sophie Menter and Mr. Willem Coenen; Violoncello, Mons. Hollman. Conductors, Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Kingsbury. Tickets at Cramer's, 201, Regent Street, and the usual Agents.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.  
 Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Twice on Whit Monday, at Three and Eight. THE HEAD OF THE POLY, by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME." Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees. A New Entertainment will be produced on Monday, June 5th.

COURT THEATRE.—50th Representation of "THE PARVENU." THURSDAY, JUNE 1ST. Seats can be booked one month in advance. Box Office Hours 11 to 5. No Fees. Doors open at 7.30.

THE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur. This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 14, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas M'Lean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

DE NEUVILLE'S "SAVING THE QUEEN'S COLOURS AT ISANDULA," "THE LAST SLEEP OF THE BRAVE" (These the property of the National Fine Art Association), and "THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT." Now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, 133, New Bond Street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery.—Admission ONE SHILLING.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over 10 miles. EXTRA TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from London, on Saturday, May 27th; Returning the following Monday or Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—Leaving London Bridge 7.30 a.m., and 8.0 p.m., Victoria 7.15 a.m., and 7.30 p.m., and Kensington 7.10 a.m., and 7.15 p.m., Saturday, May 27th; Returning from Paris any day up to and including June 9th. Fares.—First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS.

Saturday, May 27th, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria 2.0 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; Returning the following Tuesday.  
 A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday, from London Bridge 8.0 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria at 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth, returning same day.

A CHEAP TRAIN, Whit Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria, 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.  
 Return fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 5s. 6d.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARD'S, AND EASTBOURNE.—A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Monday, from London Bridge, 7.40 a.m., calling at New Cross and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fares, there and back, 5s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Fare, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, and Chelsea.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of Times, Fares, &c., see Hand-bills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and Hays Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill, where Tickets may be obtained.  
 J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE

BY

THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC.



#### ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—XVII.

MANILLA or Manila, the capital of the Philippine islands, which are among the most important of the Spanish Colonies, is, with the exception of Goa, the oldest European town in the East. It consists of an old fortified city, with narrow rectangular streets, and extensive suburbs containing the mass of the population, who in all amount to about 150,000.

The *Ceylon*, in the course of her round-the-world cruise, reached Manila on February 17th, and the Spanish authorities at once placed two soldiers on board during the time of the vessel's stay.

The passengers spent a pleasant three days in the island, visiting cigar manufactories, buying pine-apple cloth, which is one of the chief industries of the country; and in watching cock-fighting, which is the "sport" of the island. All are devoted to this amusement, and on Sundays one sees a game-cock under every man's arm. Some very good pony races took place on the day of the ship's arrival, and in the afternoon most of the passengers were to be seen on the stand, watching the contests.

The races were quite an event, all the people of note in the place appeared to be present, and there was quite a pretty show of ladies, both Spanish and native. The latter were conspicuous in their richly-coloured silks and their laces.

Some of the party rowed up the river, which affords some pretty and tranquil views. They spent the night in a country village, where the inhabitants overwhelmed them with kindly attentions. Their arrival caused quite a sensation, and a crowd assembled round the small watchman's hut where they were located to see them eat. The people, however, were very well-behaved and hospitable, offering such things as they could. Bamboo and other plantations abound on the banks of the river above mentioned. Most of the houses are on piles. One sketch shows an ordinary countryman's hut, the interior of which was beautifully clean. Another sketch shows the natives net-fishing in the early morning. They catch a plateful of little fishes from three to six inches long, and thus provide food for the day.

The *Ceylon* reached San Francisco on April 26th, and was to sail for Callao on the 5th inst.

#### THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

OUR engraving simply illustrates the precautions which are now taken to protect the lives of the Lord Lieutenant and his subordinates at Dublin Castle. Earl Spencer never goes abroad without this escort of dragoons, and the other officials are also attended either by a military guard or by constabulary officers in uniform or private dress. A new Criminal Investigation Department is now being organised at the Castle, with Colonel Brackenbury as director, Mr. Bruce being made Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in place of Colonel Hillier, who has resigned. Colonel Talbot retains the post of Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

Meanwhile, the assassins of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke continue to evade capture, for, though more arrests have been made at home and abroad, there is as yet little or no evidence against the people in custody. The anonymous confession of the crime, eight columns in length, published in the *Freeman's Journal*, which was manifestly a stupid and indecent hoax, has since been withdrawn and apologised for by the writer. The MS. has been shown to a detective. Mr. Davitt arrived in Dublin on Tuesday, and was interviewed by a few friends, to whom he declared his intention of avoiding any public demonstration, lest his words might be distorted or misconstrued, and so afford an excuse for stopping the progress of remedial legislation. He has, however, sent a long letter to Dr. McCarthy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, in which he condemns the Land Act as nearly as great a failure as that of 1870, and the new Coercion Bill as "a measure for the better encouragement of secret societies."

The Irish judges have sent a strong remonstrance to the Government against the proposed new tribunal of three judges without a jury for the trial of criminal cases; and it is now suggested that the Lord Lieutenant shall have the option of appointing three barristers (Queen's Counsel) instead of judges to perform the duty. Several depositions from various bodies, bearing messages of loyalty and sympathy and detestation of the recent murders, have this week been received at the Castle by Earl Spencer, but the country generally appears to have lapsed into its normal condition of terrorism, for the list of outrages this week is almost as full as ever. One of the boys wounded in the recent affray with the police at Ballina has died, and the event has caused a renewal of the local excitement. The Dublin Court of Queen's Bench has confirmed Major Clifford Lloyd's decision, sentencing Miss Kirk to three months' imprisonment for "creating discord and dissension among Her Majesty's subjects," and at Nenagh another lady Land Leaguer, Miss Mary Gleeson, has been sent to gaol for a like period for writing to a farmer telling him that, unless he attended their meeting and showed that he had not paid his rent, he must "abide the consequences."

#### THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MADAME MARIE ROZE AT THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has always taken a leading part in the concerts of the Amateur Orchestral Society as a violinist, and twice this season has come prominently to the fore by playing the violin *obligato* to Gounod's *Ave Maria*. The first occasion was at a concert of the Floral Hall on Saturday week in aid of the Royal College of Music, when Madame Albani sung the solo, and on Saturday last His Royal Highness repeated his performance at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the West End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis and Epilepsy, 73, Welbeck Street. At this concert Madame Marie Roze undertook the solo, being accompanied on the organ by M. Widor, the organist of St. Sulpice, Paris, and on the pianoforte by Mr. G. F. Bambridge, the Duke of Edinburgh's private secretary. The Duke and Madame Roze were vociferously encoored by the audience, who even attempted to exact a second encore, and showed their loyal enthusiasm by much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. We would conclude with an appeal in favour of the institution in aid of which this concert was given. We may state that Her Majesty especially placed the Royal Box at the disposal of the charity, and it is hoped by the committee that the public will second so Royal a mark of sympathy with the work on which they are engaged.

CARDINAL M'CABE

AND

A REGATTA AT BOMBAY

See page 521

#### THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL R. M. LAFFAN

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT MICHAEL LAFFAN, K.C.M.G., R.E., Governor of the Bermuda Islands, who died at Mount Langton, Bermuda, on March 22nd, was in the sixty-first year of his age. He entered the Royal Engineers as Lieutenant in 1837, and served, first in South Africa, and afterwards in the Mauritius, where he obtained his Captaincy, until 1847, when he was appointed Commanding Officer of the Royal Engineers at Belfast. He subsequently served in the same capacity over the London district, and at Malta, Aldershot, and Gibraltar, having in the intervals been employed on special confidential missions:—in 1852, to inspect and report on the fortifications of Antwerp and Paris; and in 1855 to report on the organisation of the French Ministère de la Guerre; and held, during the trying period of the Crimean War, the post of Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications at the War Office. In 1865 he went on a special mission to Ceylon, and in 1877 was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas, being at the same time created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and advanced to the military rank of Brigadier-General. Sir R. M. Laffan was married in 1852, and his widow and family of five children survive him.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

#### VISHNU KRISHNA CHIPLUNKUR

THIS worthy Indian citizen, who died on the 17th March last, at the early age of thirty-two, displayed an enterprise and energy in the pursuit of benevolent aims which is nowhere too common, and it is especially valuable in India, where the people are rather wont to lean upon the Government for every improvement.

Mr. Chiplunkur received a good English education, and had scarcely taken his degree in 1872 when he began to edit a magazine in the Marhatta language, whose native title signifies "a storing of essays." He perceived that the culture of English by all the natives of the higher classes was gradually sapping the educational influence of the Vernacular tongues. This was all very well for the rich, but deplorable for the labouring masses, who are more likely than ever, if all education becomes Anglicised, to remain steeped in ignorance. Mr. Chiplunkur's successful efforts in combating this tendency by means of his magazine have been acknowledged in the leading English journals of Poonah. Mr. Chiplunkur, also, in spite of great difficulties and disappointments, established a lithographic press for printing cheap coloured pictures; he opened an English school, where lads were taught on a different system from that pursued by the Government, and where excellent results were obtained; and he established a *deput* where books of all sorts in all the well-known languages are exposed for sale.

He did not live to reap the fruits of his labours, but he nevertheless deserves a hearty recognition as one of those pioneers of progress who, if they become numerous enough, will some day make India a self-governing community.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

#### MR. HARRY HALL

THE late Mr. Harry Hall, who died on the 22nd ult., was born in 1814, and took up his residence at Newmarket just about the time when J. F. Herring, his predecessor, was on the decline. He gave himself up exclusively to the delineation of race-horses, and, almost without an exception, to race-horses in condition. The first Derby winner he painted was Cossack in 1847, and from that day, until Iroquois was led last year into the well-known studio in Church Lane, Newmarket, every successful graduate at Epsom stood for his portrait to Mr. Hall. The likenesses were generally taken for the owners of the victorious animals, though occasionally painted for sporting publishers, or the editors of sporting magazines. Mr. Hall stuck conscientiously to his easel, and rarely left Newmarket, until the last ten years, when he was occasionally tempted abroad to paint some foreign crack. His *forte* was undoubtedly a race-horse stripped and standing in his box. Portrayed in the open air, his horses gave less satisfaction, owing to his inability to paint landscape adequately. He numbered among his patrons all the magnates of the Turf, including of late years Lord Falmouth, the Duke of Hamilton, and General Wood. He painted Springfield for Her Majesty, who bred the horse, and a favourite old hunter, Paddy, for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. A sale of the pictures, studies, and sketches left in his studio will take place at Newmarket in the July race week.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Southwell Brothers, 16 and 22, Baker Street, W.

#### THE TRAVELS OF "GREAT PAUL"

MOST of us travel too swiftly to see anything properly. Great Paul, however, has journeyed in very leisurely fashion from Loughborough to London, and, if he had eyes as penetrating as his voice, would doubtless have seen a good deal. The only place where he came seriously to grief was near Fenny Stratford, where he remained for two days sunk to the axles until a load of boiler plates could be procured from Coventry to enable him (on the snow-shoe principle) to glide over some 500 yards of boggy road. The massive trolley constructed by Messrs. Coles and Mathews answered its object excellently, and Great Paul reached Highgate on Saturday afternoon at 3 P.M., where he rested till midnight on Sunday, being visited meanwhile by thousands of people, who were disappointed to find him no bigger. Perhaps they were like the farmer at the 1851 Exhibition who mistook a specimen of Derbyshire spar for the Koh-i-Noor diamond, and expressed his annoyance at its diminutive size.

During the small hours of Monday morning Great Paul resumed his journey towards his destination. The engine wheels had less grip on the smooth stones of the paved streets than on the macadamised roads, so the second engine, which had hitherto followed behind, was added on for hauling purposes. At 7 A.M. the "Angel" was reached, and at 8 Great Paul had reached his journey's end, so far as horizontal travelling was concerned. But subsequently he has had to undergo a vertical trip, being hoisted by means of powerful winches to his final abiding-place above the clock, a height of 130 feet. Great credit is due to Mr. Penrose, the architect to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for the very perfect mechanical arrangements which he devised for hauling in and raising Great Paul.

#### LEICESTER ILLUSTRATED

See page 529 et seqq.

#### "MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 537.

#### PORTIA AND NERISSA ON THE MORNING OF THE TRIAL

THIS picture represents an incident in a celebrated case which occurred some years ago in Venice. This spruce young barrister called himself Balthazar, and, attended by an equally spruce young clerk, came post-haste all the way from Padua (highly recommended





THE CONDITION OF IRELAND — PRECAUTIONS AT THE VICEREGAL COURT, DUBLIN: EARL SPENCER GOING TO THE CASTLE UNDER MILITARY ESCORT



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACCOMPANYING MADAME MARIE ROZE AT THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL



## CARDINAL M'CABE

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL EDWARD M'CABE, who is only the second Irish Cardinal in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, is the son of a well-known journalist, Mr. Bernard M'Cabe, and brother of Dr. M'Cabe, the Local Government Board Inspector. He was born in Dublin, February 14, 1816, educated for the priesthood at Maynooth College, and on his ordination was attached to the Church of St. Nicholas, in one of the poorest and most populous districts of Dublin, where he exhibited great industry and zeal. After a while he was attached to the Pro-Cathedral, and became one of the secretaries of the late Cardinal Cullen, being indeed his principal assistant in the administration of the Metropolitan Diocese. His attention was thus directed to the question of Catholic education and charities, in which Cardinal Cullen was so deeply interested. On the occurrence of a vacancy Father M'Cabe was promoted to the charge of the wealthy and extensive parish of Kingstown, and was later on admitted to the Papal Prelature, as Honorary Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX. His administrative ability and knowledge of Diocesan affairs procured him a place in the Chapter of the Diocese, of which he was subsequently appointed one of the Vicars-General. In 1877 it was determined to appoint an auxiliary Bishop—thus abandoning the old custom of preconising a coadjutor Bishop with the right of succession. Monsignor M'Cabe was created Bishop of Gadara *in partibus infidelium*, and assistant to the Archbishop. About a year later Cardinal Cullen died, and the management of the Archdiocese devolved on the Assistant Bishop. The clergy returned Dr. M'Cabe's name as *Dignissimus*, and though it was thought that the nomination would be set aside by the Pope, it was ultimately confirmed, and in May, 1879, he was formally enthroned in the Archiepiscopal chair. The admission of Dr. M'Cabe to the Sacred College of Cardinals has been long expected, but the formal announcement was only made in March last. On the 26th of that month he arrived in Rome, and had a private audience of the Pope, on the 30th the Public Consistory was held, at which His Holiness placed the Red Hats on the heads of the new Cardinals, and on the following Sunday Dr. M'Cabe preached at his titular Church of Santa Sabina to a large congregation of his fellow-countrymen. He remained in Rome until about a fortnight ago, when he returned home, spending some days in Paris and London *en route*. During the earlier part of his career he was almost unknown



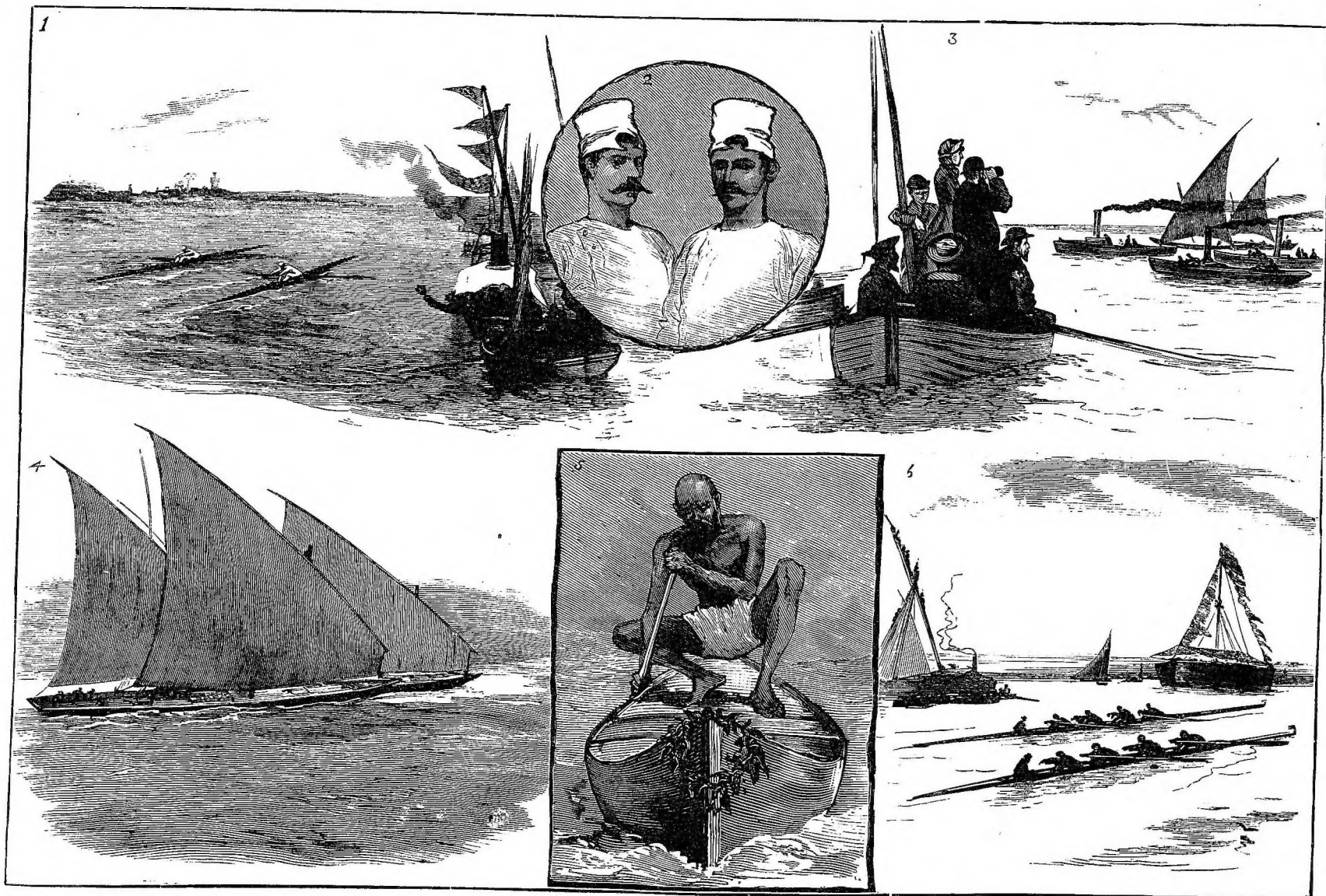
CARDINAL M'CABE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

in politics, his chief utterances relating solely to the claim of Catholics to Irish educational endowments, but soon after the formation of the Land League he issued a remarkable Pastoral denouncing the employment of women in politics. Since then he has published two other Pastorals warning his people against the principles of the League; and on his return to Dublin, on Tuesday last week, he took the earliest opportunity of publicly denouncing the Phoenix Park murders, and advising his countrymen to do their utmost to aid in their detection, and to discountenance the secret societies. It is a sad commentary on the condition of the country that such a man should immediately on his return home be the subject of threatening notices, and be compelled to place himself under police protection.—Our portrait is from a photograph by F. De Federicis, 8, Via Cesarini, Rome.

## A REGATTA AT BOMBAY

(1) Shows the final heat for the Champion Sculls. This was a severely contested race. (2) These Mahratta fishermen (whose fathers and grandfathers, by the way, did a brisk business in the piratical line) are a bold, hardy, skilful set of fellows. They know every cranny and corner of the capacious harbour, and their services are greatly in request among the yachting fraternity. (3) The steam launch race was not especially interesting. (4) Here are two of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club clippers, the *Sea Queen* and the *Water Queen*, respectively owned and sailed by Mr. Cleveland and Captain Morland, I.N. This race is the race of the meet. Both vessels are built after the most approved native type, and sail very fast. Their rig is two huge lateen sails. (5) These canoes or "tonies"—a race among which is here depicted—are the very facsimiles of those described by Vasco da Gama and the early navigators. The boats are "dug-outs," and on festival days the prow is decked with a wreath of mango-leaves. (6) This race causes an excitement in Western India somewhat resembling that produced by our own Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Each year the oarsmen of Bombay contend with the aquatically-inclined citizens of Poonah. This year the Poonahites barely won.

HERR KRUPP'S FACTORY AT ESSEN now occupies 15,700 workmen, and turns out annually 130,000 tons of steel and 26,000 tons of iron.



1. The Final Heat for the Champion Sculls.—2. Mahratta Fishermen (Hindoos).—3. Steam-Launch Race.—4. The Competition for the Royal Bombay Yacht Club Cup.—5. The Winner of the Canoe-Race.—6. Bombay v. Poonah: Four-Oared Race.

A REGATTA AT BOMBAY



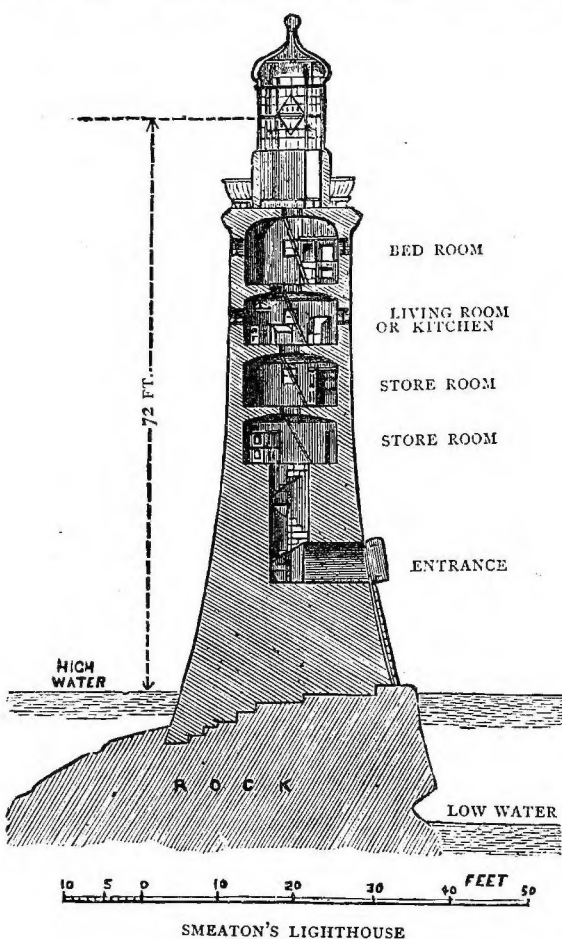
by an old Q.C. named Bellario) for the purpose of defending a merchant named Antonio, who had got himself into a very unpleasant pecuniary hobble with a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion. As every one knows, Balthazar won his cause, and, strange to say, afterwards married his client's friend, Bassanio. Mr. Wallis's picture, from which this engraving is taken, was exhibited last winter in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

### THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE"—SIBERIAN HUTS

THESE two illustrations were drawn from sketches kindly furnished to our artist at St. Petersburg by Lieut. Danenhower. They represent the types of dwellings met with in the journey of the survivors through Siberia to Yakutsk. There is nothing particular to be said about them save that they were exceedingly primitive, though proving very comfortable quarters to the American travellers after the terrible hardships which they had endured. Lieut. Danenhower seems to have received great kindness at the hands of the natives, and gives an account of a visit which he paid to an exiled Russian. "With him and his wife, a Yakut woman, I spent the evening, and here I learned some news from the great world from which we had been so long absent. He told me that the Czar had been assassinated, that the *Lena* was still in the river, that Sibirakoff was running some steamboats, and also that Austria and Prussia had been at war. He spoke of Count Bismarck, of Generals Skobelev and Gourko, and of the Turkish war, and of a great many other things besides. His wife presented me with some tobacco, about five pounds of salt, a small bag of rye flour, some sugar, and two bricks of tea. And here let me say that the native women were always very kind in spite of their ugliness, and I would like to send up a load of grey calico, bandanas, and other fineries for them if I could. Next morning Kusmah Jeremiah—for that was the name of this Russian exile—took me to the door, and showed me a fine little reindeer which he had bought for us, and asked if it suited me. I told him it would be very welcome, and so it was immediately slaughtered. We had tea for breakfast, with fish and fish pâtés, which the good woman had made specially for me."

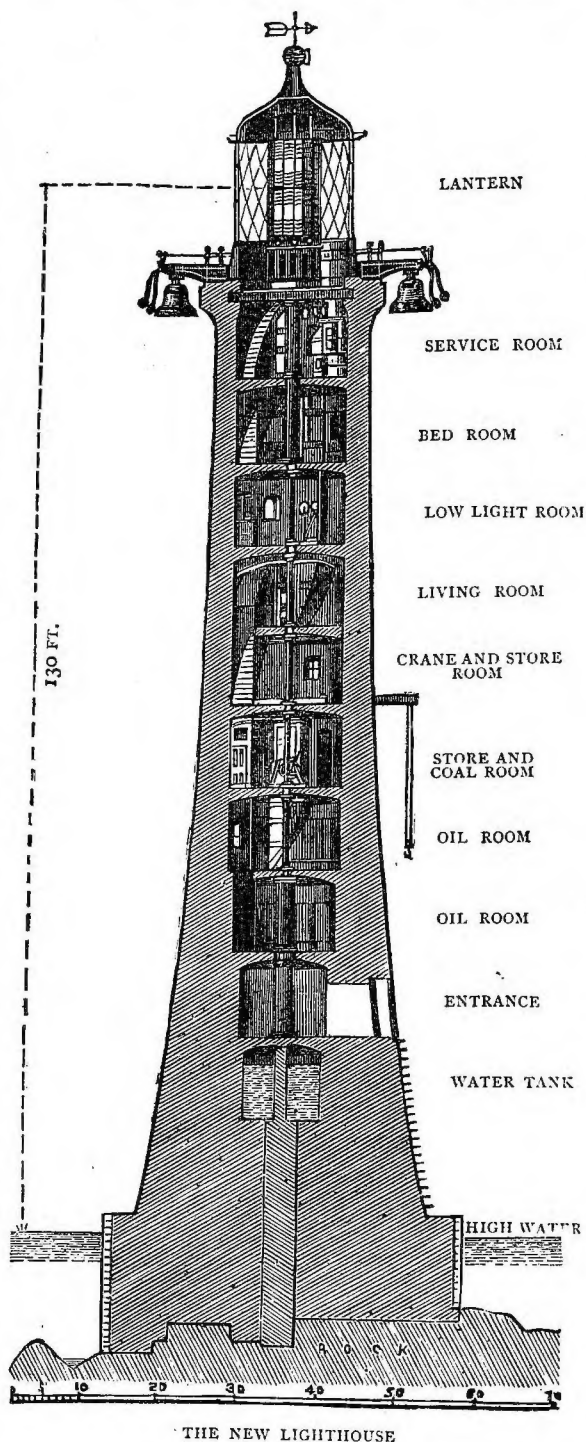
### THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

THE new Eddystone Lighthouse, built to replace the historic structure of Smeaton which has shed forth its warning rays since 1759, was lighted by the Duke of Edinburgh for the first time on Thursday week. The new lighthouse has taken four years to build, and has been designed by Mr. Douglass, the builder of those on the Wolf Rock and the Bishop Rock, and whose son, the resident engineer at Plymouth, is represented in our sketch of "An Evening Pipe." Another sketch represents the *Hercules*, the vessel used during



SMEATON'S LIGHTHOUSE

stood, and which had been undermined by the action of the waves. The ceremony of inaugurating the new tower was exceedingly simple. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived from London at ten on the morning of the 18th inst., went on board the *Galatea*, and



THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE

steamed to the lighthouse. The Duke ascended the tower with the Mayor of Plymouth, Mr. C. F. Burnard, the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Edmond, the builder, and after a dedication prayer from Dr. Wilkinson, the Duke lighted each lamp, the big bells pealing forth a sonorous salute. On returning to Plymouth there was the inevitable address of welcome to be presented, and the Duke was subsequently entertained at luncheon by the Mayor. The above engravings of the sections of the two lighthouses are from an interesting work by Mr. E. Price Edwards (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), which gives a full description of the two structures.

NOTE.—The ball given by the Black Watch (42nd Highlanders) took place at Edinburgh, not at Glasgow, as inadvertently stated in the title of the engraving and accompanying article in our last week's issue.—In a very few copies of our present issue the titles of two engravings in our Leicester Supplement, "Interior of St. Mark's Church" and "The Mayor's Parlour in the Old Town Hall" are accidentally transposed.



POLITICAL SPEECHES.—Lord Salisbury in addressing a meeting at Stratford on Thursday, condemned the Arrears Bill as unjust to the English taxpayers, and said that Mr. Gladstone's fatal error was that he had made Irish legislation and administration a means of purchasing the support of the Liberal party. On the same day at Hanley the Earl of Carnarvon, referring to the Kilmainham Treaty, denounced the doctrine that there was one code of morals for private life and another for politics.—Mr. Michael Davitt on Sunday, presiding over a large meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, said that he should treat the "conditions" of his ticket-of-leave with the same contempt as he had done three years ago. He lamented the Irish outrages, but contended that it was unfair to charge them upon the Land League. Mr. Gladstone egregiously deceived himself if he thought that the movement would be effaced because he had been converted to Mr. Parnell's views on arrests, and had accepted the services of a Mr. O'Shea in effecting the Kilmainham Treaty.

THE WEST RIDING ELECTION has resulted in the victory of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Holden, by 9,822 votes to 7,865 given for his Conservative opponent, Mr. Gathorne Hardy. On receiving the news Lady Frederick Cavendish telegraphed, "My warmest congratulations. The great majority has cheered me, and made me thankful."

THE REFORM CLUB BALLOT on Lord Hartington's resolution transferring the election of members from the whole club to a Committee has resulted in the rejection of the proposition by 382 votes

to 361. The constitution of the Club, therefore, remains unchanged, and it is thought likely that many members will secede.

RUMOURS AND ALARMS concerning the doings and intentions of the Fenians and other malcontents who work in secret continue to be reported from various parts of the country. At Plymouth a night guard of the South Devon Militia has been placed over the Volunteer head-quarters, in consequence of a threatened Fenian raid upon the armoury; at Chatsworth a man who is supposed to be an Irish-American, and who, besides having scars on his head, was wearing several suits of clothes, has been arrested in the Duke of Devonshire's grounds; whilst in London itself it is said that the Ministers of the Crown are being very carefully guarded by policemen in plain clothes. The German Socialist paper the *Freiheit* was this week published two days late, with two blank pages, across which are printed "Confiscated by the English Government." The man Mertens has been committed for trial.

THE BEACONSFIELD NATIONAL MEMORIAL.—Mr. Ragge has completed his colossal statue of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, which is to be placed in Parliament Square, and the bronze casting will probably be ready by November. The figure is ten feet in height, and will stand on a granite pedestal of equal dimensions.

THE LORD MAYOR, MR. ALDERMAN ELLIS, is to be made a Baronet, the honour being conferred by Her Majesty in recognition of public service done by the Corporation of London in connection with the opening of Epping Forest.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting on Monday, the banquet taking place in the evening. The Founder's gold medal was awarded to Dr. Nachtigal for his discoveries during his great journey in the Eastern Sahara, 1859-75, and the Patron's medal to Sir J. Kirk, British Consul-General at Zanzibar, for his unremitting services to geography, both with the Livingstone expedition of 1858-63 and during his subsequent official residence at Zanzibar. The President announced that several endeavours were about to be made to discover and rescue Mr. Leigh Smith and the *Eira*. One vessel will be sent out by Mr. Smith's friends, aided by a subsidy of 5,000*l.* from the Government and one of 1,000*l.* from the Society; Sir Allan Young goes in another; Sir Henry Gore Booth and Mr. Grant in a third; whilst the fourth will be sent out by the Dutch Arctic Committee.

A DARWIN MEMORIAL is suggested by the Royal Society, who are "desirous of handing down to posterity the likeness of a man who had done so much for the advancement of natural knowledge, and also to establish a fund, associated with his name, for the furtherance of Biological Science." Mr. T. G. Bonney and Mr. P. E. Dove are the Honorary Secretaries of the Committee.

THE ENGLISH SPELLING REFORM ASSOCIATION have elected Dr. Gladstone as their new President. The seven various schemes which have been submitted to it are still under consideration by the Committee, who report that they are not yet quite certain about their facts, and that the spelling reformers do not agree as to the character or amount of the changes it is desirable to make.

WOMEN INSPECTORS OF FACTORIES.—The Women's Protective and Provident League held a meeting on Saturday, at which it was resolved to memorialise the Home Secretary in favour of appointing women as inspectors and sub-inspectors of factories and workshops in which girls and women are employed. The movement is one which is deserving of every success.

SCHOOL TEACHERS who live in towns and enjoy the highest salaries, are, according to Mr. Mundella, more improvident than those who are paid at lower rates and reside in rural districts. The explanation of this may be that house-rent and the necessities of life usually cost more in towns than in country districts, so that the nominally greater incomes are in reality the less. However this may be, one cannot help agreeing with Mr. Mundella in his desire and hope that some one may be found to formulate a scheme for a self-supporting sick pay and pension fund, by subscribing to which all teachers would become entitled to certain benefits when ill, and be able to retire when too old to work.

VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADES are denounced by the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society as being rather a hindrance than an aid to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and people are therefore cautioned against subscribing towards their support.

FATAL FIRES.—On Thursday last week the railway pier at Queenborough was totally destroyed by a fire, in which two railway porters, named Hilsted and Giles, are supposed to have perished, although the body of one only has been recovered. Several other persons had narrow escapes, two being picked up from the water, and a third swimming ashore. The origin of the fire is a mystery, and as the whole structure seems to have ignited simultaneously it was supposed to be the work of incendiaries. Two men were arrested on suspicion, but liberated soon afterwards, there being no evidence against them. The damage is estimated at 60,000*l.*—At Thorncombe, in Dorsetshire, nearly half the village—about thirty thatched houses—was destroyed by a fire which began in a bakehouse.—At Maybole, Ayrshire, on the same day, a dwelling-house was destroyed, and three of the inmates, a widow woman, aged ninety, and two sisters, both of whom were cripples, were burnt to death.

A YEAR'S LIFEBOAT WORK.—Last year the National Lifeboat Institution placed eleven new lifeboats at different stations on the coasts, bringing the total up to 271. During the year 1,121 lives were saved, whilst four of the Douglas (Isle of Man) lifeboat crew were drowned by the upsetting of their boat. Two gold, thirty-three silver medals and clasps, forty-six votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, and 5,783*l.* were granted as rewards for saving life, and whilst the expenditure of the institution was 37,381*l.*, its income was only 36,419*l.*



A NEW comic drama in two short acts, entitled *Cupid in Camp*, brought out at the CRITERION Theatre on Monday evening, belongs to the class of comedies of intrigue, and bears a close resemblance in style to the vaudevilles of Scribe and his numerous imitators. Its brisk and amusing but rather artificial situations arise out of the efforts of a boarding-school young lady and a military officer to evade pursuit by a change of attire, all which and much incidental business is supposed to take place in the town of Dover, in the reign of King William III. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong in assuming that its chief recommendation has been the opportunities which it affords to Miss Saker and Mr. Lytton Sothorn to exhaust the conventional humours of such a position of affairs. Mr. Blakeley, as a general officer of the period, much mystified and misled by the subtleties of these principal personages, and Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Astley, and Mr. Denison in some minor characters, help materially to win acceptance for a piece which sufficiently well fulfils the purpose of occupying the first hour and a quarter of the programme, preparatory to the performance of Mr. Byron's highly diverting adaptation entitled *Fourteen Days*.

Mr. C. M. Rae has furnished the GLOBE Theatre with a neat adaptation of Henri Meilhac's admirable little comedy, *Suzanne et les Deux Vieillards*, which piece, it will be remembered, was



also the original of Mr. Mortimer's *Two Old Boys*, brought out at the Court Theatre a year or two ago. The humours of the position of the two old bachelors, who begin by being mutually anxious to marry the other to a young lady, and end by being jealous and distrustful, are very cleverly brought out by Mr. Charles Kelly and Mr. A. Wood, the former a military officer, the latter a quiet country gentleman. The part of the young lady who so adroitly excites antagonism between her two suitors, with a view to escape the attentions of both in favour of a younger lover, is played quietly and prettily by Miss Maggie Hunt, whose impersonation, however, does not warrant any further praise. The new piece, which is entitled *First in the Field*, is followed by Messrs. Hardy and Carr's new romantic play, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, founded upon the famous novel of that name.

Miss E. Farren's benefit at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, was, we believe, what is called in theatrical parlance, the "largest house," save one, ever known at that theatre. Many popular performers, including Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Constance Loseby, and Mr. Edward Terry, gave their services for the occasion, and took part in the rather miscellaneous programme.

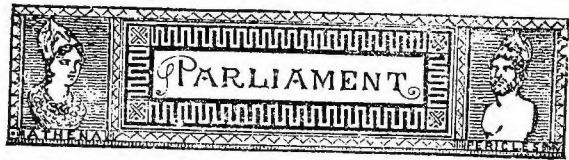
*London Assurance*, recently revived as a morning performance at the VAUDEVILLE, has been transferred to the evening bill at that house, with the same efficient cast. This afternoon the late Lord Lytton's *Money* will be revived here.

At TOOLE'S Theatre, this afternoon, a little piece, adapted from the French by Mr. Aglen Dowty, and entitled *After Darkness, Dawn*, will be performed for the first time. On the same occasion *Our Clerks* will be revived, together with *Domestic Economy*, in both of which amusing pieces Mr. Toole will appear. The regular company of the Gaiety Theatre start upon a round of performances in provincial theatres on Monday next, the stage of that house being occupied from that date by the French company. The OPERA COMIQUE has been let by Mr. Hollingshead for a season of sixteen weeks. A new comic opera, entitled *The Wreck of a Financier*, which appears to be an unauthorised continuation of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's famous piece, is to be produced to-day by the temporary management.

The representation of *Odetta*, to be given this morning at the HAYMARKET, will be, we understand, the only morning performance of that comedy.

The new comic opera in preparation at the AVENUE Theatre is a version of *Martaux Noirs*.

Much interest is felt in Paris in the forthcoming performances of Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Vaudeville, this being her first appearance after her long secession from the Parisian stage. The occasion will be a special performance for the benefit of the family of a distinguished scenic artist. Madame Bernhardt will play the part of Marguerite Gauthier in *La Dame aux Camélias*, in association with her husband M. Damala, who will appear as Armand Duval.



On Monday night there was commenced in the House of Commons the dreary round of legislation for Ireland. The business now before the House was the Second Reading of the Arrears Bill, which, not without some encouragement from the silence of the Opposition, the Government had permitted themselves to hope would be read a second time at the sitting. To that end Mr. Gladstone made a brief speech on introducing the Bill, and answered in advance the arguments made in the amendment, of which notice had been given, and which asserted that the proper way to deal with the arrears was by loan, instead of deed of gift.

There were three amendments on the paper, all from the Conservative side. One was by an independent member—Captain Aylmer—another by Lord George Hamilton, and the third by Mr. Slater-Booth. By some process of selection, which certainly was not based on the Darwinian theory, Mr. Slater-Booth was left to move his amendment, the other two being dropped. Mr. Slater-Booth has doubtless many qualities to recommend him, but it cannot be said that oratorical ability is one of them. The conclusion arrived at on both sides of the House, when confronted by the spectacle of the right hon. gentleman at the table sawing away at the Bill, was that nothing in the shape of a real fight was intended, and, the consciences of members thus relieved, they with one accord left the House. This conclusion received support from what followed. The Conservative benches were empty through the sitting, no exception being made in respect of the front bench, where Sir Stafford Northcote, for his sins, is accustomed to sit hour after hour.

Some interest was manifested in Mr. Forster's speech, but it fell away when it was discovered that he was supporting the Bill. What might have given a filip to the Opposition would have been the discovery that the ex-Chief Secretary was again in Opposition. But Mr. Forster, whilst jealously clinging to the perfectness of his own Administration, didn't withhold his support from this fresh departure by the Ministry he had just left. Mr. Shaw had been known to express preference for loan over free gift, and he, as representing Liberal Irishmen, might create a diversion. But Mr. Shaw also proved a broken reed in the hands of the Opposition. Called up to curse the Bill altogether, he, if he did not bless it altogether, at least urged that the necessity for legislation was so paramount that he would not accept the responsibility of delaying its accomplishment on differences of opinion on details. Thereafter the debate languished, and at one time, Mr. Gregory having resumed his seat after an exciting oration, delivered in the presence of eight members, there was a solemn pause. No one showed a disposition to continue the debate; the Speaker, slowly rising, was about to put the question, when Sir Joseph M'Kenney, who had been saving his remarks for an audience more consonant with their importance, saw that he must speak now or else lose his opportunity. So he spoke, and the debate was saved.

Two hours later a remarkable change came over the scene. Sir Stafford Northcote, accompanied by several of his colleagues in the late Ministry, returned to the front Bench, and it began to be whispered that a determination had been arrived at to adjourn the debate. This statement was at first received with incredulity, more especially by those members who were best acquainted with the course of the night's proceedings. But when Lord George Hamilton resumed his seat after a lively speech the rumour was confirmed. Baron de Worms rising from the seat immediately behind Sir Stafford Northcote moved the adjournment. Mr. Gladstone, amid enthusiastic cheering from the Liberal Benches, quietly announced that the proposal would be resisted, and the ranks closed up in anticipation of a lively interval. Nor did the reality fall short of the anticipation. Mr. Lowther evidently felt at home in a scene which must have reminded him of earlier, happier days, when the House was accustomed to sit up all night, and the early morning was lulled by highly successful imitation of the cock crow. He jauntily interposed with a reference to "the Treaty of Kilmainham," a red flag which at any time it is dangerous to flaunt in the face of Mr. Gladstone. Now, at half-past one in the morning, when he had the opportunity of getting through the night's work unexpectedly slipping through his hand, the Premier was in a fine mood for fighting. He had already what Sir William Harcourt would call

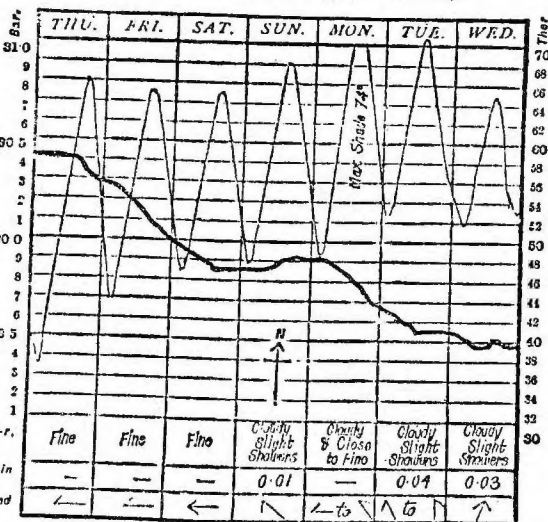
"a cancer rankling in his bosom" in respect of a speech delivered by Mr. Lowther, at Bradford, in which that right hon. gentleman, with his usual familiar grasp of facts, had stated, as a portion of history within his own knowledge, that Mr. Forster had been jockeyed out of the Cabinet. Leaning across that table which Mr. Disraeli once thanked God was between himself and the right honourable gentleman, Mr. Gladstone expressed a strong desire to know Mr. Lowther's views on the limits to the license of language. Mr. Lowther sharply retorted across the table. Mr. Gladstone was up again. Cheers and cries of various kinds came from all parts of the House. It seemed that the only natural conclusion of such a scene was that a ring should be formed, that coats should be taken off, and that Mr. Gladstone should back his seventy years against Mr. Lowther's more muscular youth.

But presently others eager for the fray pressed in, Lord Claud Hamilton flatly accusing the Premier of treason, words which he obligingly withdrew on the intervention of the Speaker. Mr. Henegane, most respectable and decorous of Whigs, was drawn into the vortex, and had a little round or two all to himself with Mr. Chaplin. In last week's *Punch* there is a conversation between two costermongers as to the meaning of a contradiction somewhat euphemistically put from the bench. One asks the other what it means, and is answered, "Why, it is what we call a lie." Mr. Henegane, in the excitement of two o'clock on Tuesday morning, hit upon a more remarkably polite way of stating that another member had varied from the truth. Mr. Chaplin had observed that Mr. Henegane had admitted that the Government Whip had said no division was likely to take place on Monday night. Where Mr. Henegane angrily responded, "No honourable member has a right to say what another honourable member has not said." At a quarter-past three fighting was still going on with undiminished vigour. It was evident that without a compromise neither side would give in. At length a compromise was effected on the basis that, instead of the Prevention of Crime Bill being proceeded with at the morning sitting on Tuesday, the Arrears Bill would be continued. With this Sir Stafford Northcote expressed himself satisfied, and the debate was adjourned.

It might have been expected, after such a tremendous fight, that at the morning sitting there would have been great anxiety shown by the Conservatives to continue the discussion. But they were evidently fighting for a principle rather than from any irresistible desire to make further speeches on a foregone conclusion. The practical result of the pitched battle of Monday night was that on Tuesday four speeches were added to the debate, two being from the Conservative side and two from the Liberals. Then the House divided on Mr. Slater-Booth's amendment, which was negatived by 296 votes against 181. A second division was challenged on the main question, when the Bill was read a second time by 269 votes against 157.

At the evening sitting the Prevention of Crime Bill was taken up again, but no progress was made. The forms of the House, bountiful to freedom of speech, provided on the stage of going into Committee opportunities of what was practically a resumption of the debate on the second reading. Of this the Irishmen were characteristically ready to avail themselves, and a debate was opened by Mr. Cowen which lasted till two o'clock in the morning, and was resumed on Wednesday. But very little progress was then made, though the sitting was useful as affording Mr. Dillon an opportunity of making a violent speech, which brought to a sudden end a little cabal being got up below the gangway on the Liberal side, with the object of forcing Mr. Gladstone to emaculate the Bill. The sitting was also remarkable by reason of a brief speech, in which Sir Stafford Northcote, rebuking Mr. Ritchie, patriotically declared that all party enmity should cease in presence of the condition of affairs in Ireland, and that the Conservative party were one with the Government in their heavy task of restoring peace and order to Ireland.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MAY 18 TO MAY 25 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Pressure during the whole of this period has shown a gradual, but steady, decrease, with the exception of one short interval of increase during Sunday evening (21st inst.). This change has resulted from two causes, the fall of the barometer during the early part of the period being attributable to the breaking-up of the anti-cyclone, or high pressure area, and during the latter part of the time to the advance of shallow depressions to our south-west coasts. In consequence, though the decrease of pressure has been so considerable, it has been unaccompanied by any important fall of rain, the only quantities reported being a few light showers which occurred during the latter half of the period. Though the weather was very fine and bright during Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (18th, 19th, and 20th inst.), a brisk easterly breeze was blowing all the time, so that the maximum temperatures registered were between 64° and 66°, but on Sunday (21st inst.) the wind fell light, and subsequently veered towards south, and with this change temperature rose, so that though the sky was not so clear as at an earlier date, the thermometer rose to 74° on Monday (22nd inst.), and on Tuesday (23rd inst.) to 71°. The barometer was highest (30.42 inches) on Thursday (18th inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Wednesday (24th inst.); range, 0.93 inches. Temperature was highest (74°) on Monday (22nd inst.); lowest (57°) on Thursday (18th inst.); range, 37°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.18 inches.

M. VICTOR HUGO has appeared in a new character—that of an artist. An album has been privately brought out in Paris, containing a number of curious drawings which the poet had sketched on the margin of his manuscript of the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, scraps of scenes in Guernsey and St. Malo, outlines of his characters, drawings of ships, storms, &c. There are also several larger sea pieces. According to the *Paris Temps*, M. Hugo might have been an accomplished artist, his drawings displaying great talent. Some are drawn with the point of a quill pen, some with the feather dipped in ink and used as a brush.



MR. MALLOCK'S "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" has been translated into French by a Gallic priest as "Vivre : La Vie vaut-elle la Peine?"

THE PARIS ARC DE TRIOMPHE is to be surmounted on the National Fête Day by the model of a huge triumphal group, in order to judge of the effect. The original group itself, by M. Falguère, now exhibited in the new Salon of Decorative Art, is said to be very fine.

MR. LONGFELLOW IS TO BE COMMEMORATED AT CAMBRIDGE, U.S., by a public monument. He left a large fortune, thanks to his having been one of the most popular of contemporary poets, judging from the enormous sale of his works. Probably also few other poets have been so widely translated, his poems having been rendered even into Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese. Talking of deceased Transatlantic writers, an elaborate biography of Mr. Emerson is being prepared by a Bostonian, Mr. Eliot Cabot, the late author's literary executor.

THE APPROACH OF WARM WEATHER AND THE HOLIDAY SEASON renders peculiarly appropriate just now the annual report of the Swimming Association of Great Britain, which has made great progress during its twelve years of existence. A large number of provincial and suburban swimming clubs are now connected with the Association, and several important swimming contests were held during the past year, while this Society has rendered good service to this useful exercise by circulating gratuitously copies of the laws of swimming, and by giving advice on all branches of the subject.

JUMBO is now claimed by the Americans as of American origin, as it is stated by some ingenious Transatlantic naturalist that the famous elephant belongs to the Mastodon family, and is a remnant of that extinct animal tribe. Scientific experts are accordingly to meet at Washington to examine him, and the Philadelphia correspondent of the *American Register* further informs us that Jumbo "is very different in appearance from the Asiatic elephants; but this may arise from the difference of race only, as Jumbo came from Africa. He is far from being the sleek-looking fellow that his Asiatic cousins are. He keeps his tusks ground off short to his head, which is a strange fancy of the beast"—a piece of intelligence which will certainly interest Mr. Bartlett.

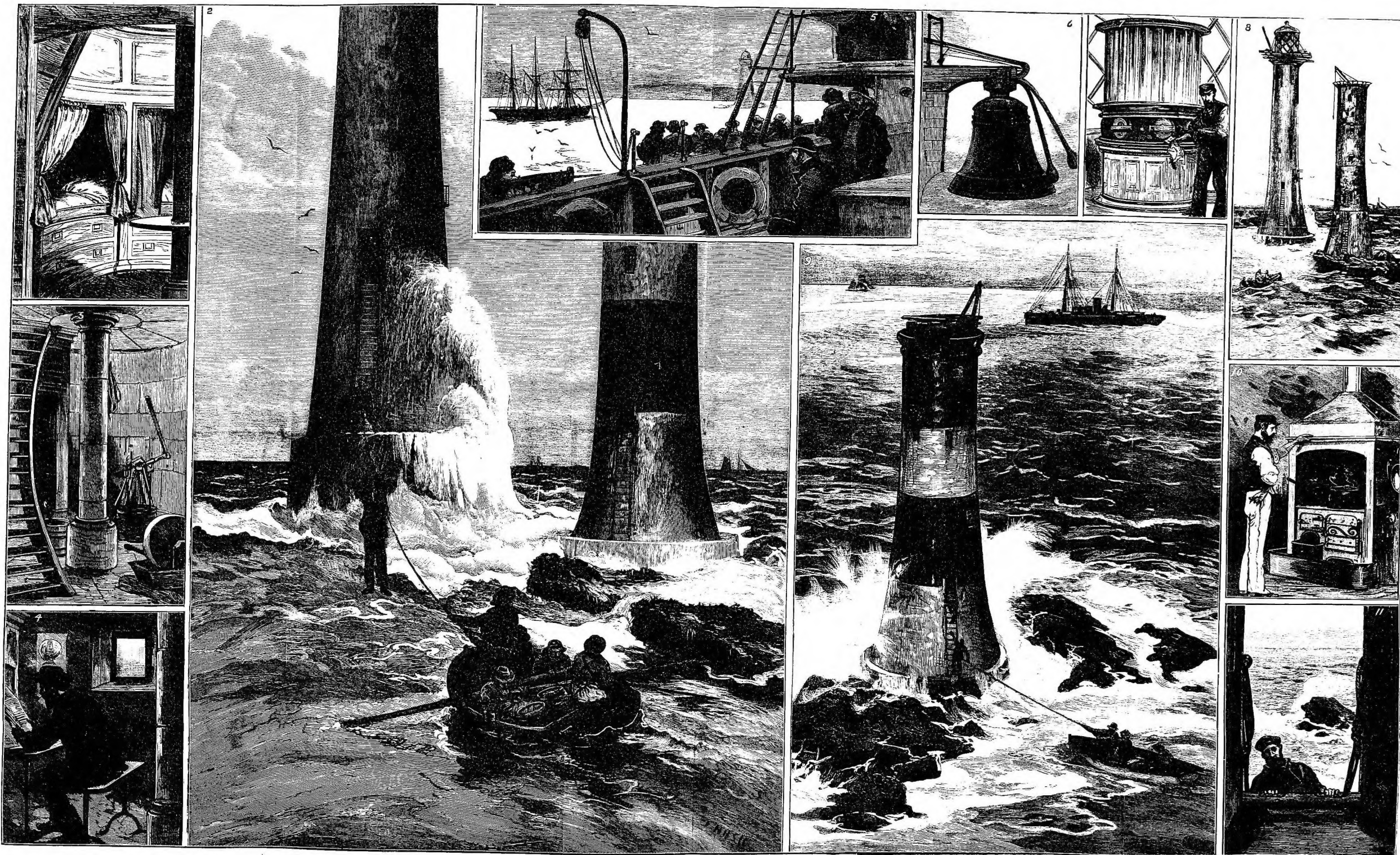
THE LATEST USE OF ELECTRICITY is to turn bad wine into good, and important experiments are shortly to be tried at the Paris Entrepôt. A farmer at Carcassonne, the *Paris Figaro* tells us, possessed a large cask of wine, which was perfectly undrinkable, and was stowed away in a cellar. During a violent storm the cellar was struck by lightning, and the electric fluid split the cask. The farmer saved as much wine as he could, and, much to his astonishment, found it excellent. Hearing of this, a neighbouring chemist connected a cask of bad wine with an electric battery, and, after two or three days, the wine acquired a first-rate flavour. He attributes the change to the fact that the electric current decomposes the watery element in the wine, setting free the oxygen, which burns up all the bodies which give a bad taste to the wine. This theory is accordingly to be officially tested.

LONDON MORTALITY again further declined last week, and 1,420 deaths were registered against 1,433, a decrease of 13, being 82 below the average, and at the rate of 19.0 per 1,000. These deaths included 9 from small-pox (a decline of 1), 36 from measles (a fall of 11), 31 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 5), 12 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 108 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 16), 15 from enteric fever (an increase of 8), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 12 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 2), 1 from simple cholera, and 238 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a fall of 23, and 60 below the average), of which 134 were attributed to bronchitis and 55 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 63 deaths, 56 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 26 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, and 8 from drowning. There were 2,462 births registered against 2,569 during the previous week, being 32 below the average.

THE SUMMER SEASON IN PARIS has brought out a variety of novel fans. There are the "poetic fan," on which are inscribed two verses by some fashionable poet; the "flower fan," in the shape of the owner's favourite blossom; the "memorial fan," which bears the portrait of some dear absent friend and relative; and the "emblem fan," ornamented with some device emblematic of the character of the wearer. This last, by the way, proves rather a malicious weapon in the hands of an enemy, as a fashionable lady addicted to gossip lately received an anonymous present of an elegant fan adorned with a white cat fixing its claws into a mass of lace—a neat hint of the lady's tendency to play with her friends' reputations. Fans, again, generally indicate the position and taste of their owners. The aristocrats use antique fans, ultra-fashionables prefer those made of blue or pink feathers, romantic damsels choose those of white lace, and melancholy-minded dames adopt black lace, beauties professing simplicity affect white satin, while eccentric fans in shape and design are only used by the *parvenues*.

WORKING LADIES' GUILD.—This is an Association for in various ways helping necessitous ladies, that whom no class are more helpless, or, in many cases, more deserving. One merit of the Society appears to be that the members are not content, as too often happens, to pay their guinea, and then leave the charity to be managed or mismanaged by a permanent Committee. Here every Associate is expected to take her full share of the work, and no one can apply for help except through an Associate, who must take the pains beforehand to make sure that the case is worthy of help. With an income of about 1,000l. a year (about as much as many a rich man spends on some minor hobby), the Guild seems to do, in an unobtrusive fashion, a great deal of good in various ways. Let us mention a few of these ways. They have some buildings in Chelsea, called the Campden Houses, where poor ladies can obtain rooms at low rents; they assist in educating the daughters of very necessitous ladies, as the lack of special training constantly prevents women from getting employment; they supplement the slender incomes of sickly and aged persons with small pensions; they have a cottage in the country for accommodating poor ladies in need of rest; and finally, but most important of all, they endeavour to find, and in many cases do find, remunerative employment for numerous deserving applicants. This employment is classified under five heads,—plain work, art work, knitting, drawing and painting, and fancy work. For giving help in a quiet undemoralising way, we think this Guild is unrivalled; it is at present comparatively in an embryo state, but only needs to be better known to be vastly extended. Lady Mary Feilding is the President, and both she and the Committee are not mere ornamental chiefs, but genuine, honest workers. There was a meeting of the Associates of the Guild on Tuesday last, the 23rd inst., at the Kensington Town Hall, when Earl Percy, M.P., took the chair, and many interesting details were given both by him and other speakers. If we have interested any of our readers, especially our lady readers, in this Association, by belonging to which they can at small cost do much good to some of their less fortunate fellow countrywomen, we invite them to ask the Secretary of the Guild to send them a report. The address is 113, Gloucester Road, S.W.





1. THE BEDROOM.—2. LANDING WORKMEN AT THE NEW EDDYSTONE.—3. THE BASEMENT (STAIRCASE AND WATER TANK).—4. AN EVENING PIPE.—5. H.M.S. "HERCULES" TOWING LABOURERS TO THE BREAKWATER.—6. THE NEW BELL.—7. THE LANTERN.—8. THE APPROACH.—9. A PEEP AT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE FROM THE SERVICE ROOM.—10. THE KITCHEN.—11. THE ENTRANCE.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE RECENTLY INAUGURATED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH





**THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.**—The combined English and French fleets are now before Alexandria, respectively under the command of Sir F. Beauchamp Seymour and Rear-Admiral Conrad, but at the time we are writing the crisis has reached a more serious stage, and still more active steps are said to be imminent on the part of England and France. At first there were no official communications entered into with the Ministry, but some informal negotiations were conducted through the French Consul, M. Monge, and the French diplomatic agent, M. Sienkiewicz. The latter accordingly had an interview with Arabi Pasha, who, however, refused to comply with the wish of the Powers and resign, alleging that the country was with him and in favour of resisting foreign intervention, and further declined all negotiations until the fleets should be withdrawn. It is now rumoured that England and France will present an ultimatum to the Cabinet, and that in the event of its rejection France will waive her objection to the landing of Turkish troops. Meanwhile Arabi has been making great capital out of the fact that the English and French fleets are in Egyptian waters against the wish of the Sultan, and has succeeded in rousing the religious susceptibilities of the Ulemas, and the fanatical fears of the mob, by asserting that the expedition is directed against Turkish sovereignty. By offers of increased pay and rewards also he has encouraged the soldiery and stimulated recruiting in the villages, while the apparent inaction of the Powers has greatly discouraged the Khedive and the Chamber of Notables, many of whose members are said to be going over to Arabi. Arabi has also held a council of war, at which a policy of resistance was definitely decided upon. Troops were accordingly ordered to be posted at various points, while torpedoes were to be laid down along the coast. Admiral Seymour's squadron consists of H.M.S. *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Falcon*, *Coquette*, and *Bittern*; while Admiral Conrad's ships are the *Galioniere*, *Forbin*, and *Aspic*. There are also two Greek vessels of war. In Suda Bay there are four British ironclads—*Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Monarch*, and *Superb*, and a number of smaller vessels including the *Bacchante*.

In TURKEY, great excitement was caused in official circles by the despatch of the Allied Squadron, but beyond the protest to the Powers issued by Said Pasha last week no active steps have been taken. Naval preparations, however, have been pushed forward, so that as little delay as possible may be incurred in the event of the Powers requiring the Porte to land an army of occupation in Egypt.

With regard to the other Powers, GERMANY is discreetly silent, although presumably favourably disposed towards a Turkish occupation of Egypt. AUSTRIA is aggrieved at the mode in which England and France communicated their determination to send a combined fleet to Alexandria; while RUSSIA and ITALY are inclined to be indignant at the two Western Powers taking upon themselves to interfere so forcibly in a matter which is regarded as of universal European interest. They hold that such action is somewhat at variance with the declaration of the identical Note issued by England and France some time since, and which fully admitted the European character of the Egyptian question.

FRANCE.—There has been a curious Ministerial crisis, and the Cabinet has run a very close risk of losing its chief mainstay, M. Léon Say. It appears that on Monday the Chamber was discussing whether various measures should be taken into consideration, and amongst others a Bill abolishing all octroi duties on spirits, and replacing them by a general Excise duty on manufacturers of liquors. This was warmly opposed by M. Say, as violating the prerogative of the Budget Committee, but the Chamber decided to further consider the matter, and appoint a Special Committee, by 278 to 155 votes. M. Say, taking this vote as a personal rebuff, picked up his portfolio, walked out of the House, and at once sent in his resignation to M. Grévy. As his withdrawal from the Cabinet would utterly destroy public confidence in the Ministry, the strongest pressure was put upon M. Say to remain in office, and upon the Chamber passing a special vote of confidence in him he eventually consented to do so.

In PARIS the season is now fast drawing to a close. The Derby was run on Sunday, and resulted in a dead heat between Count Lagrange's Dandin and M. Michel Ephrussi's St. James.—The Salon has closed this week for the usual rearrangement of the pictures, and the medals of honour have been awarded; M. Puvis de Chavannes gaining that for painting, M. Watten that for engraving, and M. Paulin that for architecture. The medal for sculpture was not awarded, as no competitor gained the legal number of votes.—The only theatrical novelty is Octave Feuillet's *Les Portraits de la Marquise*, which has several times been performed in private, and has now been produced at the Français. The chief character played by M. Worms is a certain Marquis de Lude, an inconsolable widower, who, like Graves in Lord Lytton's *Money*, is finally induced to forget his grief, and take up with a second ladylove.—Great preparations are being made for the inauguration of the new Hotel de Ville, on the National fête day, July 14th, for which invitations have been sent to the chief foreign municipalities.

SWITZERLAND.—The festivities in honour of the opening of the St. Gothard Tunnel Railway have been highly successful. The official invitations were confined to Germany and Italy, as France has shown herself most hostile to the undertaking. The fêtes began at Lucerne on Monday, when excursions were made on the Lake and up the Righi, and in the evening a grand banquet was held on the Schweizerhof. M. Bovier, President of the Swiss Federation, drank to the "Health of Emperor William and King Humbert," and the three nations Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, "who had been united by the accomplishment of this great work;" and speeches were made by Signor Baccarini, the Italian Minister of Public Works; Herr Von Koeder, the German Minister at Berne; Herr Von Levetow, the President of the German Parliament; and Signor Tecchio, the President of the Italian Senate. Lucerne was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and bonfires were lighted on the hills. On Tuesday the inaugural train passed through the tunnel, and the representatives of Switzerland and Germany, and the Italian Ministers, received an enthusiastic welcome at Milan, where there was a grand banquet on Wednesday, at which Prince Amadeus toasted Switzerland and Germany.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—The immigration of Russian Jews into Austria is becoming a serious matter. Twelve thousand Israelites are at Brody, where the Aid Committee of that town have dissolved, owing to disagreement with the London and Berlin Central Committees. Fresh detachments are arriving daily, and the unfortunate people are crowded together by hundreds in stables and barns. Starvation is on the increase, sickness is widespread, the hospitals are crowded to overflowing, and the mortality amongst the children is enormous. Meanwhile the Czar and his Cabinet have issued numerous regulations prohibiting Jews from settling in certain districts, and from doing business on Sundays and Christian holidays. At the same time, the Czar states that all outrages upon the persons and property of the Jews will be inexorably punished. In the HERZEGOVINA we hear of an occasional skirmish, and a

band of Montenegrins with a large quantity of arms and ammunition recently tried to force their way into Bosnia through Servia. The rules for the provisional organisation of the troops to be levied in the annexed districts have now been published. It appears that not 1,000 men are to be raised, and officers and men all to be placed on precisely the same footing as those of the regular army, save that the latter will have the right of precedence in cases of equal rank.

INDIA.—A scheme for introducing local self-government in the various districts is now the chief care of the Government. In an important resolution recently passed, the Viceroy, the correspondent of *The Times* tells us, declines to accept the theory "that the people are indifferent to self-government, and holds that, with an intelligent class of public-spirited men springing up, it would be a waste of power and impolitic not to utilise this class so as to enable Government to relieve its over-worked local officers." The resolution also states that, "while maintaining and extending municipal government in the towns, the Local Governments are desired to organise a network of Local Boards wherever intelligent unofficial agency is available." All Local Boards are to consist of two-thirds at least of unofficial members, holding office for two years, and retiring by rotation; while, in order to stimulate the candidature of respectable natives, and to mark the importance of the functions of the Boards, the courtesy title of Rai Bahadur and Khan Bahadur will attach to members during their period of office.

UNITED STATES.—The recent correspondence between Secretary Frelinghuysen and Mr. Lowell respecting the release of the American suspects imprisoned in Ireland, which has been laid before Congress, shows that Mr. Lowell had been authorised to offer the suspects 40¢ apiece for their return passage. The Irish Secretary, however, having laid down as a condition of release that the suspects should leave Ireland, Mr. Lowell declined to consent to this, and the suspects refusing to leave of their own free will, the pecuniary offer was withdrawn. Mr. Frelinghuysen goes into details respecting some of the suspects whose nationality had been declared doubtful, and particularly the case of O'Mahony and M'Sweeney, who, with certificates of naturalisation in their pockets to produce when necessary, have been for many years holding office under the British Government. He holds that the former deserves no more than that he should receive at the hands of the Government under which he is holding office the usual measure of protection which it affords to its own citizens, while with regard to the latter he can only insist that he shall have the right to return to the country of his adoption. The question is next reviewed which Lord Granville cited with regard to a British subject, Francis Carroll, who was arrested in Baltimore during the Civil War. Mr. Frelinghuysen claims that it was an "extreme position taken in the heat of the conflict." He denies that the British Government accepted it, or that Mr. Seward adhered to it, and declares that it is not to the interest of either country to take extreme positions. He concedes to every sovereignty the right to make and execute its own laws, and that Americans residing in that country must be subject to such laws. "But if such a law works actual injustice; if it takes possession of an American citizen, and deprives him of his liberty, without the allegation of any offence; if it leaves him incarcerated without the hope of trial, it then becomes the duty of the President to inquire why this is done. The British Government pursued that policy during the Civil War, and they will see that a self-respecting Government must do the same now."

Emigrants continue to arrive in large numbers, and on Monday above 4,500 arrived at New York. Amongst them were 300 evicted Galway tenants, whose passage had been paid by the Land League.—The floating ice in the Atlantic continues to impede navigation. Numerous vessels are icebound, and the mail steamers are delayed.



HER MAJESTY received an enthusiastic welcome in the Highlands last Saturday, this being the first Royal visit to Balmoral since the recent attempt on the Queen's life. A triumphal arch of evergreens, bearing the inscription in Gaelic, "A hundred thousand welcomes to the Queen," was erected at Ballater station, where Her Majesty was also greeted by a guard of honour of the 42nd Highlanders, the Ballater Volunteers, and a large number of people. The Queen has since expressed her pleasure at the demonstration in a letter from Lord Bridport. Besides the Princess Beatrice the Princesses Elizabeth and Irene of Hesse are with Her Majesty at Balmoral, and the Royal party will stay in Scotland till the middle of next month. Wednesday was the Queen's sixty-third birthday, which was kept very quietly at Balmoral, and will be officially observed on June 3rd. Only eleven English sovereigns since the Norman Conquest have exceeded Her Majesty's age, while on June 20th the length of Queen Victoria's reign—forty-five years—will only have been exceeded by those of Henry III., Edward III., and George III.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark on Saturday were present at the wedding of the Rev. A. A. Knollys and Miss Constance Knollys, daughter of Sir W. Knollys, subsequently attending the breakfast, while in the evening the Prince of Wales went to the annual dinner of the Metropolitan Board of Works. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with Princess Victoria and the Danish Crown Prince attended Divine Service, and next day the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James' Palace. In the evening he dined with the officers of the Grenadier Guards, while the Princess and the Danish Crown Prince went to the Lyceum Theatre. The two Princes went to Epsom Races on Tuesday, and afterwards accompanied the Princess to see Princess Louise; while in the evening the Prince of Wales dined with Earl Cadogan, and the Princess, with the Danish Crown Prince and Prince Frederick William of Hesse, went to the Comedy Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess with a large party went to the Derby, and in the evening the Prince entertained the members of the Jockey Club at dinner. Next evening the Prince was to preside at the dinner of the 10th Hussars, and last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess would be present at the State Concert at Buckingham Palace. They visit Leicester next Monday to open the new Park, and on June 17 the Prince will unveil the Rowland Hill Statue, and attend the Lord Mayor's Banquet to Provincial Mayors.—Princes Albert Victor and George concluded their visit to Athens on Saturday, after the King and Queen of Greece had been entertained on board the *Bacchante*, and had witnessed some sailing-matches between the English crew. The Princes left with their vessel on Sunday to join the British fleet in Suda Bay.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Saturday afternoon were present at Mr. Ganz's Orchestral Concert. On Monday the Duchess inspected M. Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate," the Tissot Exhibition, and M. de Neuville's paintings, and in the evening went to the Comedy Theatre, going also on Tuesday night to the Royal Italian Opera. The Duke and Duchess on Wednesday visited the Charing Cross Hospital, where the Duchess distributed the prizes to the Medical Students, and to-day (Saturday), she will present the prizes of the Savoy Chapel Schools.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany have relinquished their yachting trip, and will go instead to the Isle of Wight, and subsequently to Scotland.



GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—Now that the London public has been pretty well satiated with the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is pleasant to turn to Drury Lane, where, though a great deal of Wagner is in store for us, we shall have to consider him under varied phases. *Lohengrin*, for instance, is a thing *per se*. The legend is as clear and simple as the story of the *Sonnambula* itself, wherein it so essentially differs from *Tannhäuser*, its immediate precursor, and so essentially agrees with *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the immediate precursor of *Tannhäuser*. In addition to these we are promised *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde*, the former embodying Wagner's notion of a comic opera of the merriest and most boisterous, the latter his idea of a tragic opera of the deepest, the one as chaste and undefiled, no matter from what point of view its purely artistic merits may be adjudged, as the other, which Wagnerites *quand même* regard as the highest flight of their idol's genius, is the precise contrary. Both, however, will be heard with interest; and indeed anything that rids us of "All-Father Wotan" and his surroundings will be welcome. *Rienzi*, Wagner's opera "after" (a long way after) Meyerbeer, is not to be vouchsafed to us; but its omission will hardly excite general consternation. Out of twenty-four performances no fewer than sixteen are devoted to Wagner, the remaining six comprising three representations of Weber's *Euryanthe* and three of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Mozart's enchanting *Così fan tutte* (a well of melody), originally contemplated, is abandoned at the eleventh hour—why, only Messrs. Hermann Franke and Pollini, the spirited directors of the undertaking, can explain. Such an oasis in the wide Wagnerian desert would have been a veritable Godsend. However, the series commenced successfully with a very fine performance of *Lohengrin*, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, beyond comparison the best interpreter of Wagner's operas, and justly renowned as one of the foremost of living conductors. The four leading parts were admirably sustained by Madame Rosa Sucher (Elsa), Madame Joanna Gamso-Dely (Ortrud), Dr. Emil Kraus (Telramund), and Herr Hermann Winklemann (Lohengrin), about whom—the first and last, the Elsa and the Lohengrin, especially—did space permit, a very great deal might be said. For the present, however, we must be content with a general verdict of unqualified approval. The audience, a very large one, was deeply impressed, but only gave vent to enthusiasm at the conclusion of each successive act. Almost identical criticism may apply to the performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Wagner's first opera with a myth for its theme, and the very first with which the English people were made acquainted (at Drury Lane Theatre), where Mr. Mapleson gave Italian opera (or "opera in Italian") in 1870. The leading parts in this work, so familiar to our public, thanks to Mr. Carl Rosa, were admirably personated by Madame Rosa Sucher and Herr E. Gura. The Senta of Madame Sucher stands a very little way off perfection, and a more complete realisation of the "Holländer" ("Vanderdecken," as we have been accustomed to style him), than that of Herr Gura could hardly be thought of. The scene in which the half-demented visionary maiden first confronts the long-absorbing object of her dreams, was enough to stamp the whole performance. It could not have been more forcibly presented. All the rest was good in every particular—thanks not only to the highly-competent representation of more or less subordinate parts, but to Herr Richter, and the orchestra he directs with such rare ability. *Tannhäuser* followed in due course, and, though not only a much inferior opera, and of much less wholesome tendency than the *Fliegende Holländer*, was received with equal enthusiasm—thanks to the general excellence of the performance. In the character of Elizabeth, the pure and devoted, Madame Rosa Sucher added another to the triumphs she had already achieved as Elsa and Senta. Here, indeed, we have a variously-gifted artist—for no three parts could have possibly so little in common, although all three, from different points of view, are disinterested and devoted women.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madame Adelina Patti has returned. Her first appearance was as Caterina, in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, her second as Leonora, in Verdi's *Travatore*. It is enough to mention these two performances, in which Madame Patti proved herself, as heretofore, peerless.



THE TURF.—The late Derby lacked interest compared with almost all its recent predecessors, and it will be remembered as having been contested by one of the smallest fields of modern times, only fourteen coming to the post. When Mundig won in 1835 exactly that number ran, but since then only twice have the starters fallen below it, namely, in 1855, when Wild Dayrell won in a field of twelve, and in 1873, when Doncaster did the same. Nor can the quality of last Wednesday's competitors be highly spoken of in comparison of that of many previous companies of performers. The betting at the start was 9 to 4 against Bruce, shorter odds than had ruled for some days previously, during which he had held a rather unsatisfactory position in the market, 11 to 2 against Shotover, 6 to 1 against Quicklime, with Dutch Oven at 10 to 1, some points below the quotation she was at on the two previous days. Executor, Sachem, and Pursebearer were next in demand, while the outsiders, Real Grit, Satrap, and Psycho were at any odds short of 1,000 to 1. Pursebearer, Marden, and Real Grit held conspicuous places in the earlier part of the journey to the winning post; later on Bruce was next to Marden as leader; but about four furlongs from home Quicklime and Shotover began to improve their positions. On entering the line for home Pursebearer assumed the lead, and before reaching the distance Bruce was in trouble, while Quicklime drew out, followed by Shotover, who headed Lord Bradford's colt in the last hundred and fifty yards, and won somewhat easily by three-quarters of a length. Mr. Lorillard's Sachem was a bad third, beating the favourite by a head. Thus ended the 103rd Derby, which, perhaps, will be remembered chiefly from the fact that the winner was owned by the Duke of Westminster, who, though comparatively but a recent comer on the Turf, has won two out of the last three Derbies. Scores of men, like the late Earl Derby, have strained every nerve, and even spent fortunes and long lives in trying to win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, but have passed away without winning it. Such is the uncertainty and lottery of horse-racing. But even in reference to this comparatively uninteresting Derby almost volumes might be written in the way of points and incidents. T. Cannon, the wearer of the historic yellow and black of the House of Grosvenor on Wednesday last, has had to wait almost as long as Fordham had for his first winning Derby mount, and now he has had it; and the victory of no owner and jockey can be more deserved or more



popular. It is well for the Turf when events happen thus; and we rejoice also that a nobleman of the good old school, Lord Bradford, and a deservedly popular jockey, C. Wood, made so bold a bid for the highest honours with Quicktime, who also ran second in the Two Thousand. The Derby has confirmed the running in this race exactly, and the excellence of the winner, though she had to succumb to St. Marguerite in the One Thousand. It is thirteen years since a winner of the Two Thousand has won a Derby; and no filly has taken it till Shotover, since Blink Bonny won in 1857. It is almost impossible to help asking what would have been the probable result of the Derby, had Dutch Oven been herself, and the other crack fillies of the year, Kermesse, Geheimniss, Nellie, and St. Marguerite been entered and run for it. The answer is that more than likely no colt would have got a place. Some persons fancied that on the "doctrine of averages" it was about time a French horse won again, as none had done so since the mighty Gladiateur in 1865; but alas! the two French horses which started on Wednesday were exactly first and second at the wrong end at the finish. Strangely enough Shotover was scratched for the Oaks before she ran in the Derby, but she is in the Leger. Only three animals have yet won the "triple crown," Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger, viz., West Australian, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon. Is it destined that Shotover shall be the first filly to throw this main? By the way, several of the Turf prophets vaticinated Shotover, but the chief credit must be given to "Pavo," of the *Morning Post*, who gave the first and second.

**CRICKET.**—The great match of the week has been that between the Australians and the strong Orleans Club, which attracted a "large and fashionable attendance" on Monday and Tuesday last at Twickenham. The Club put together in their first innings the pretty total of 271, Mr. A. P. Lucas making a grand 87 (not out). The Australians feebly replied with 75, and following on made 240 for nine wickets, of which Murdoch scored 107 (not out), when the game was drawn. The Antipodeans, notwithstanding the flourish with which they opened the campaign, are evidently not invincible.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

### IV.

ON entering the eighth gallery we first meet with a picture by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, in which the influence of Mr. Alma-Tadema is clearly to be discerned. It is called "The Feast of Flora" (766), and represents a graceful Greek girl playfully thrusting a bunch of flowers under the nose of a bronze Egyptian statue as she descends the marble steps of the temple. The local tints in parts are somewhat garish, but there is a great deal of vivacity in the design, and the surfaces and textures of the variously tinted marbles and metals are rendered with great imitative skill. Mr. F. W. W. Topham's large picture derived from "Romola," "A Messenger of Good Tidings" (767), is painted in a more sound and solid style than is customary with him. The young man who, with an olive branch held above his head, is riding through the city, is full of energy, and the subordinate figures are well grouped. Mr. Andrew L. Gow's only contribution wants the charm of novelty, a water-colour drawing identical with it in design having already appeared. It represents a party of gentlemen of the middle of the last century assembled in a fir tree copse, ostensibly for hunting, but really to hear "A Jacobite Proclamation" (786). The composition is excellent, and the dogs and horses, as well as the human figures, are admirably drawn and painted in a manner that recalls the best work of Meissonier.

Next to this hangs the most forcible and striking of several portraits exhibited by Mr. Hubert Herkomer—the half-length of "Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent" (787). The head, which is one of strongly-marked individuality, is instinct with vitality, and, as well as the figure, is painted with realistic force. Here, however, and in the artist's otherwise admirable portrait of "The Master of Trinity" (251), the flesh tints are rather clay-like and opaque. Mr. Frank Holl appears in great force with seven portraits, in many ways, and especially in colour, superior to any that he has before exhibited. In the half-length of "The Late Captain Alexander Mitchell Sim" (260) the especial character of the aged head is rendered with obvious fidelity, and all its varying contours are modelled with great skill and completeness. This is the most striking of the artist's works, but the others are not much inferior to it; in addition to the power of characterisation which they display, they are distinguished by broad simplicity of treatment and masterly executive power. Full of individuality also, and admirably painted, are the numerous portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless. The half-length of "Charles Loyd Norman, Esq." (122), who is leaning in an easy attitude on the back of a chair, is especially noteworthy among them for its thoroughly artistic treatment and excellent keeping, as well as its truth of character. Mr. John Collier's rendering of the thoughtful head of "The Lord Chancellor" (683) is an excellent example of serious manly portraiture; and his half-length of the late "Charles Darwin" (1,465), which occupies a worse place than it deserves, is strikingly life-like, broad in effect, and unconventional. Mr. S. Melton Fisher's very animated portrait of the "Rev. Alfred J. Carver, D.D." (504), and Mr. T. Blake Wigram's tastefully-treated head of an elderly lady, "Mrs. Charles Holland" (3), are among many other good works in this department of art.

Besides the picture already mentioned Sir John Gilbert sends a large composition in his most exuberant style, "A Fight for the Standard" (818). Men in armour and richly-caparisoned horses are here crowded together in such inextricable confusion that the effect is absolutely bewildering. Mr. Eyre Crowe has lavished a vast amount of labour on his very large picture "The Defence of London in 1643" (840) without producing an adequate result. The figures want vitality, and the colour throughout the work is earthy and opaque. Close by this is a characteristic example of the modern Italian school, "The Queen of the Revels" (852), by Francesco Vineca, vivacious in design, dexterously painted in a somewhat flashy style, and brilliant but meretricious in colour. Strikingly in contrast with the *ad captandum* cleverness here displayed is the severity of style and laborious completeness of M. H. Motte's "The Geese of the Capitol" (582), in which a party of Gauls are seen like acrobats mounted on each other's shoulders attempting to scale the wall of the Capitol. The picture greatly resembles the work of M. Gérôme, of whom, we believe, the painter was a pupil. Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's large scene on the Campagna, "Roman Drivers and Cattle" (447), is full of movement and true in local colour. The two huge bulls who are tussling in the foreground and the mounted drovers, who with long goads are trying to drive them into an enclosure, are drawn and painted with surprising power. Another excellent piece of animal painting is to be seen in Mr. J. Charlton's hunting picture, "A Hot Scent" (853), in which the appearance of movement in the hounds, who are impetuously rushing down a steep bank, is forcibly rendered. In a large picture, "The Eve of the Battle of Salamis" (692), Mr. Percy Macquoid has represented the dogs and other domestic animals which the Athenians, on their embarkation for Salamis, left behind them, watching from the shore the ships containing their friends. Besides being very varied in character, the animals are well grouped, and for the most part, expressive in their movements.

In the eleventh gallery we find another picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, not less beautiful in its way than those already noticed, or less unreal. "Mellition" (1,462), is a life-sized female figure in a saffron-coloured robe with a background of pomegranate trees laden with fruit. The porcelain-like smoothness of the flesh, and the morbid

suavity of the prevailing colour seem to us to detract a good deal from the value of the work, but it would be difficult to speak too highly of the serene beauty of the expressionless face, or of the artistic skill with which the drapery is arranged, so as to define the graceful contour of the limbs beneath. On the opposite walls hangs a life-like half-length portrait of "His Eminence Cardinal Newman" (1,514), by Mr. Millais. The characteristic expression of the aged head is reproduced with striking fidelity, and all the varying modulations and reflections of light and colour in the rich ecclesiastical robes are most truthfully rendered. Mr. Briton Rivière's skill in animal-painting is shown in a very large picture, "Una" (1,432), which, however, seems to us inferior to those by him already noticed. It is open to the objection that the figure of the maiden is weaker in design and execution than either that of the huge lion that walks beside her or the frisky lamb skipping in front. A woodland scene, "Autumn in New England" (1,497), by Mr. Alfred Parsons, is a work of great beauty, remarkable alike for its delicately-modulated tones of rich colour and accurate delineation of natural form. A very different scene is that represented by Mr. W. L. Wyllie in his large picture, "The Port of London" (1,506). The effect of the coal-ships and the barges looming large "through the fog and filthy air" is rendered with convincing fidelity. In no way inferior to this is the artist's picture of a similar subject, "Our River" (118). Besides their striking truth of atmospheric effect, both works are distinguished by broad and skilful handling and well-balanced composition. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Waiting for the Homeward Bound" (152) is broadly painted and effective, but it is far less luminous in tone, and less true, than his smaller picture, "Low Tide" (465). "Buying and Selling on the Rialto" (1,530) strikes us as the best of several clever pictures by Mr. W. Logsdail. Besides being full of animation and true in local colour, it is almost free from the excessive blackness observable in most of his other works. Mr. Peter Graham's Highland landscape with figures, "Homewards" (1,474); Mr. E. Armitage's group of boys, "Sea Urchins" (1,490); Mr. G. H. Boughton's "St. Ives Bay, Cornwall" (1,521), and Mr. Val Prinsep's graceful portrait of a girl in a yellow dress with the quaint title, "Miss N. Piminy" (1,537), are among the remaining works in this, the last room devoted to pictures.

In the department of sculpture there are fewer original works of an imaginative kind than might reasonably have been expected. Mr. C. B. Birch sends only a reproduction in bronze of his vigorously designed group, "The Last Call," that appeared last year, and a bust. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has executed in marble his graceful figure "Artemis," and his splendidly-modelled "Teucer," which attracted so much attention last year, now appears in bronze, and has been purchased by the Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. Of these works it need only be said that a renewed examination fully confirms the very favourable opinion already expressed of them. Mr. W. Calder Marshall sends a life-sized group in marble, "Cedipus at Colonus," in his usual Academic style; and Mr. H. H. Armstead a sketch in plaster for a bronze group, "David and the Lion." By this artist there is also a recumbent figure in marble of "The late Anthony Gibbs, Esq.," treated with the severe simplicity of style that befits monumental art. Especially noteworthy in this work is the admirable modelling of the drapery that covers the lower limbs. M. Legros makes his first appearance here as a sculptor with a life-sized group in bronze, "The Sailor's Wife." The figure of the melancholy-looking woman who is seated with a naked child on her lap is modelled with perfect skill and knowledge. The largeness of style and the austerity that mark the artist's pictures is apparent here. Mr. Woolner this year confines himself to portraiture. His bust of "The late Earl of Clanwilliam" as regards truth of character and subtle modelling of form could scarcely be surpassed, and there are by him some other works almost equally good, including a finely-modelled medallion of "The late James Spedding" to be placed in Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. J. E. Boehm sends a characteristic statue in marble of "Thomas Carlyle" seated, and a model of the colossal bronze figure of "Lord Lawrence," which is already to be seen in Waterloo Place. By the same artist there is a life-like bust in terra-cotta of "Professor Huxley," and another of "M. B. Bertrand," the fencing master. By Mr. G. Simonds there is a life-sized statue of "The late Raja Kali Krishna Bahadur," and by Mr. T. Brock one of colossal size of "The late Sir Rowland Hill."



**WHEAT.**—As far as our own observations go, the wheat has not done very well of late. The bright and sunny days have forced the thermometer up to above 100 deg. in vacuo, but at night a drop to 37 deg. or 38 deg. has occurred, and vegetation has suffered therefrom. The east winds current through mid-May have turned the corn yellow and sickly on heavy soils where the farming is not first-rate; it is only the "scientific" farms and the wheat grown on 1881 fallows that have been strong enough to feel no ill effects. Red rust prevails at places, but wireworm is less troublesome than usual. We now need sustained warmth, with a southerly current. The prospects of the growing wheat in France are very good, and the Continent generally is hopeful as regards this crop.

**THE ALLOTMENTS BILL** has been read a second time unopposed. It has reference to lands held by trustees for the benefit of the poor. It compels such trustees to give notice annually with respect to the whole of their property of the rent they are willing to accept for one-acre allotments, to be taken up by cottagers or labourers residing in the neighbourhood. The rent charged is to be "the same as land of the same quality is usually let for in the parish." The Bill is good enough in its conception, but it will make persons increasingly unwilling to accept the stewardship of charitable trusts, it will probably entail expense of notices, and possibly of surveyor's estimates, to be deducted from the trust money, and, in binding the trustees to allot the holdings in order of application, at once precludes inquiry and personal discretion on the part of the trustees.

**AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.**—The exhibition at Torquay was very successful, the number of persons passing the turnstiles and the amount of money taken alike exceeding all previous experiences of the Devon Society. The show of stock was interesting, and the public appeared thoroughly satisfied. A show at Newark was also a success. Approaching Shows include the Bath and West of England at Cardiff on Whit-Monday, the Newmarket Show on the 1st and 2nd of June, the Peterborough Show on the 14th and 15th of June, the Hereford Society on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, the Baintree on the 14th and 15th, the Norfolk on the 21st and 22nd, the Brighton on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th, the Worcestershire, at Dudley, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th, the Doncaster on the 28th and 29th, and the Suffolk, at Framlington, on the last two days of June.

**CATTLE DISEASE** is being got under very slowly, but the number of cases occurring is not serious. Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, Kent, Warwick, Worcester, Leicester, Lancaster, York, Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Wilts are the countries at present troubled by contagion, under which title the inspectors include pleuro-pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease, sheep scab, and swine fever. Leicestershire is the county where the state of stock is most unhealthy. In the South-Western counties it is mostly the styes which are affected. We

regret that disease has invaded both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, albeit the number of cases reported is but small.

**COUNTY BOUNDARIES** recently formed the subject of that placid afternoon chat which is the usual character of a debate in the House of Lords. Every one admits that the areas of our counties should be simple and well-defined. At present they are quite the contrary. All the materials for making the change exist, and it is most desirable that the rectifications should precede the completion of the Ordnance Survey. And yet nothing is done; and while everybody expresses a mild regret therefor, the officials who could act sit still as though at the foot of an insurmountable rock.



**SIR JOHN HOLKER**, who only succeeded the late Lord Justice Lush as one of the Judges of the Court of Appeal in January last, died on Tuesday, at the age of fifty-four. The event was alluded to in the Court of Appeal on Wednesday by the Master of the Rolls, who remarked that during Sir John's judicial career his health had been so bad that he had little opportunity of showing his ability as a judge. Mr. Collins, Q.C., speaking on behalf of the Bar, said there had never been a more generous opponent or a more warm-hearted man.

**RIVAL INVENTORS AND PATENTEES** are well known to be a litigious race, and it is not surprising that the recent developments of electric science afford plenty of work for the law courts. The dispute as to the Bell Telephone being an infringement of Edison's carbon transmitter has, after a fifteen days' trial, been decided in favour of the former; that is, for a time, for the judgment is to be appealed against. Another great suit will be that between the Faure Accumulator Company and the Electric Power Storage Company; and the Edison Electric Light Company intend to dispute the originality of the Swan Incandescent Lamp.

**THE HAMSTEAD SMALL POX HOSPITAL DISPUTE**, which has been before the law courts since 1876, has now to begin again, the House of Lords having granted a rule for a new trial, on the ground that the findings of the jury were wrong in fact. This decision is unhampered by the conditions imposed by the Queen's Bench Division that the defendants should pay the plaintiffs' costs in the previous suit.

**THE TWISS LIBEL CASE.**—Mr. Alexander Chaffers, who was prosecuted some ten years ago by Sir Travers Twiss for a libel on Lady Twiss, has just made two ineffectual attempts to reopen the question in dispute. Last week he applied to the Southwark magistrate for a summons against Lady Twiss for perjury, and on Monday to the magistrate at Marylebone for one against Sir Travers for subornation of perjury. Both applications were refused.

**AN "ENFANT TERRIBLE."**—From Leicester comes the report of an inquest on the body of a baby, aged one year and ten months, who seems to have been violently thrown down and killed by another child aged two years and nine months, but who is described as a big rough boy, who, though unable to talk, was quite beyond the control of his mother. The coroner's jury, of course, found that he was "not criminally responsible."

**DOMESTICS AND THEIR "FOLLOWERS."**—Some startling revelations were made at the Croydon Petty Sessions on Saturday, when two young men, supposed to be deserters from the Grenadier Guards, and a woman, were charged with stealing money, jewellery, and plate belonging to a lady named Cousins, eighty-two years of age. The female prisoner was the old lady's confidential maid, and, according to the evidence of her fellow-servant, the male prisoners came to the house in December last, burnt their uniforms as soon as they got civilians' dress, and actually lived and slept in the house for four months, helping themselves from time to time to Mrs. Cousins's property as occasion offered.

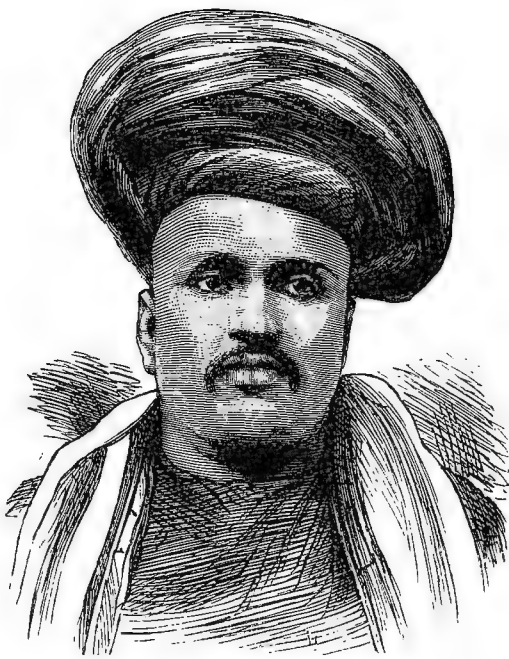
**THE DANGER OF FIREARMS** has been repeatedly pointed out, but apparently to no purpose. Two fresh cases are this week reported. On Friday a young man gave himself up to the police at Stoke Newington, for "accidentally" shooting a companion, having "forgotten" that he had left a cartridge in the gun. At a village near St. Austell, Cornwall, a young girl has been shot dead by her brother, a lad of fifteen, with their father's gun: she having jokingly replied, "I give you leave," to his question, "Shall I fire?"

**THE WORKING MAN'S SUNDAY.**—The resolution in favour of the Opening of Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays, moved in the House of Commons the other day, by Mr. Howard, led to a lengthy debate, in which little, if any, new argument was advanced on either side. The result of the ensuing division was adverse to the proposal, yet a comparison of the numbers who voted for and against it with those of the division lists of former years on the same subject seems to indicate that the tide of Parliamentary opinion is gradually setting in in the direction of common sense. Still the slowness of the advance must be vexing to those who believe that it would be infinitely better for working men and their wives and children to spend some portion of every Sunday in our National Museums and Art Galleries than at the gin-palaces and beer-shops, which at present almost entirely monopolise their Sunday time and money to the detriment of themselves, and the disgust of all decent people with whom they come in contact. The weakness of those who oppose the movement is clearly shown by the fact that they are compelled to go beyond the claims of its supporters and point out the evils which they conceive would result from the Sunday opening of theatres and other places of public amusement, and other changes of a similar character, changes which the Free Sunday party have never yet advocated, but have all along consistently repudiated. The marked popularity and success which has attended the Sunday opening of Art Collections by the Sunday Society, the immense number of Sunday visitors to such places as Hampton Court and Kew Gardens, and the public galleries of Dublin, and the eagerness and appreciation with which the Duke of Westminster's invitations to his private gallery have been accepted by working people, are facts which no one can possibly deny, nor is any attempt made to show that Sunday attendance at these places is in any way detrimental to the moral or mental condition of the thousands who indulge in it. On the contrary their dress, conversation, and general behaviour stamps them as being much superior to those who know nothing of these delights. Why then should not these privileges and benefits be extended? What is right at Hampton Court cannot surely be so very wrong in Bloomsbury or South Kensington. During the brief summer months there is perhaps little ground of complaint, since all can take advantage of their Sunday leisure to get away into the country (or at least into the Parks) there to enjoy the glories of Nature, but for the rest of the year, when darkness, cold, and gloom prevail, the working-man has no choice other than public-house on the one hand, and church or chapel on the other. That he prefers the former to either of the latter has been the general complaint for years past, and it is much to be regretted that many of those who deplore this fact should so persistently object to his being offered a third alternative, which would at least have a humanising and elevating influence upon him; and perchance render him ultimately more susceptible to religious teaching.





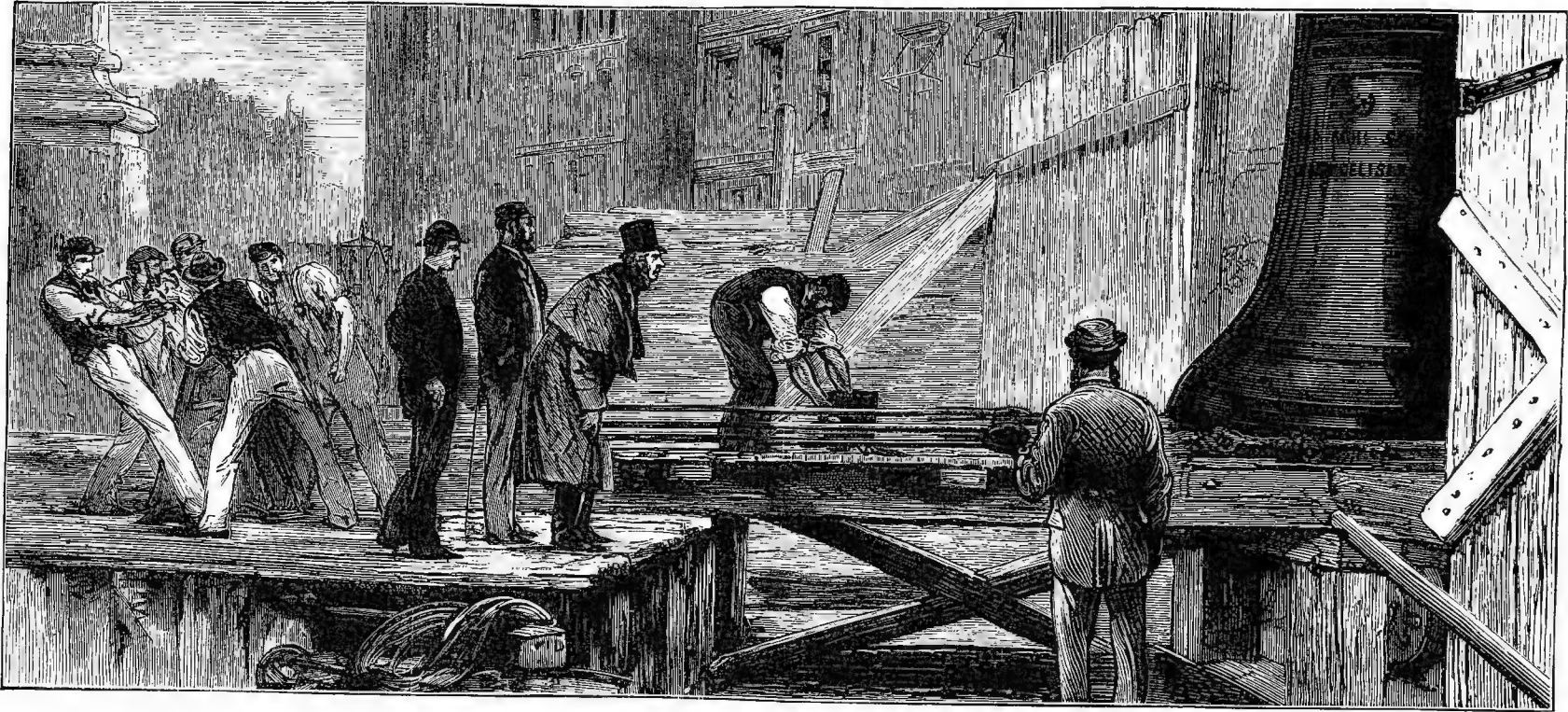
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT MICHAEL LAFFAN, K.C.M.G.  
GOVERNOR OF THE BERMUDAS  
Died March 22, Aged 60



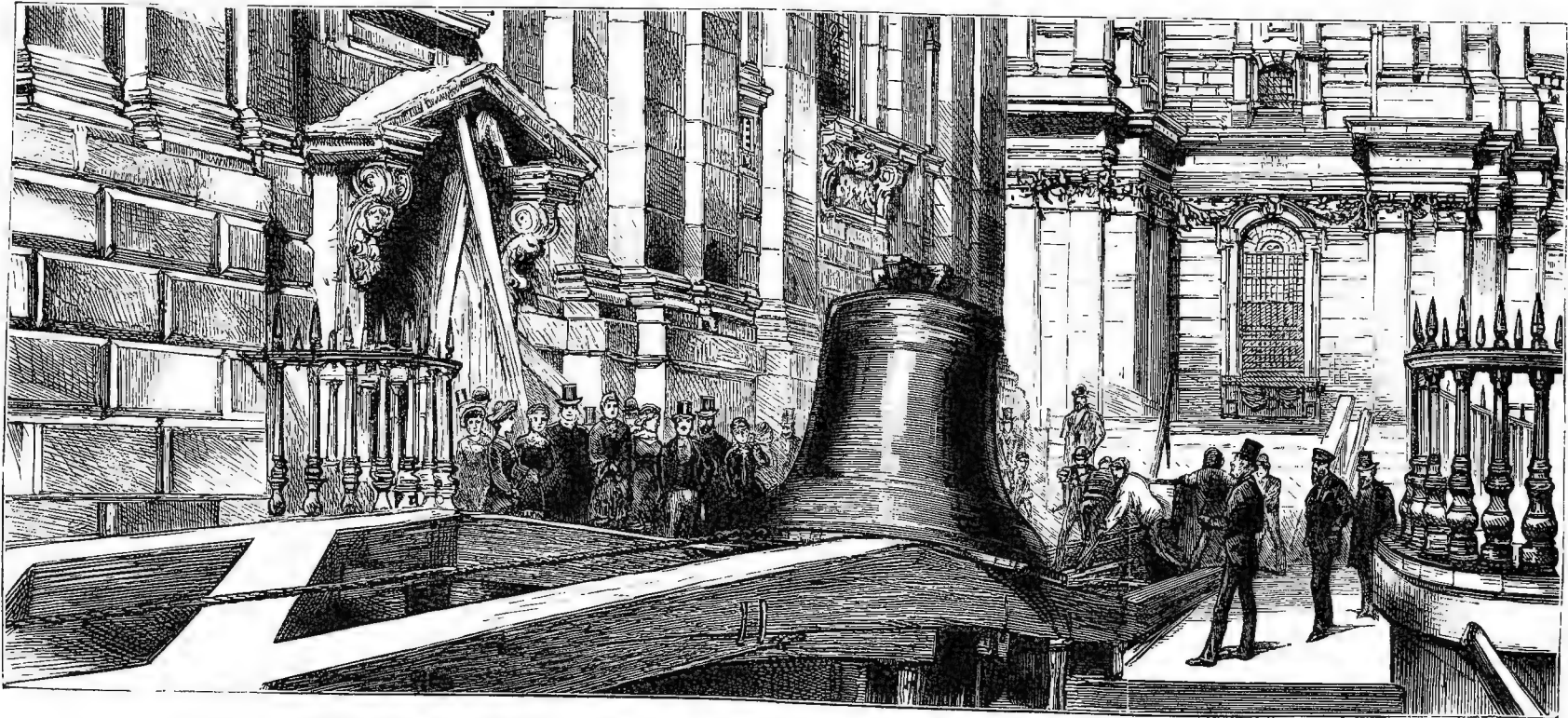
MR. VISHNU KRISHNA CHIPLUNKUR,  
Died March 17, Aged 32



MR. HARRY HALL  
Died April 22, Aged 68



HAUL'NG THE BELL OFF THE TROLLEY

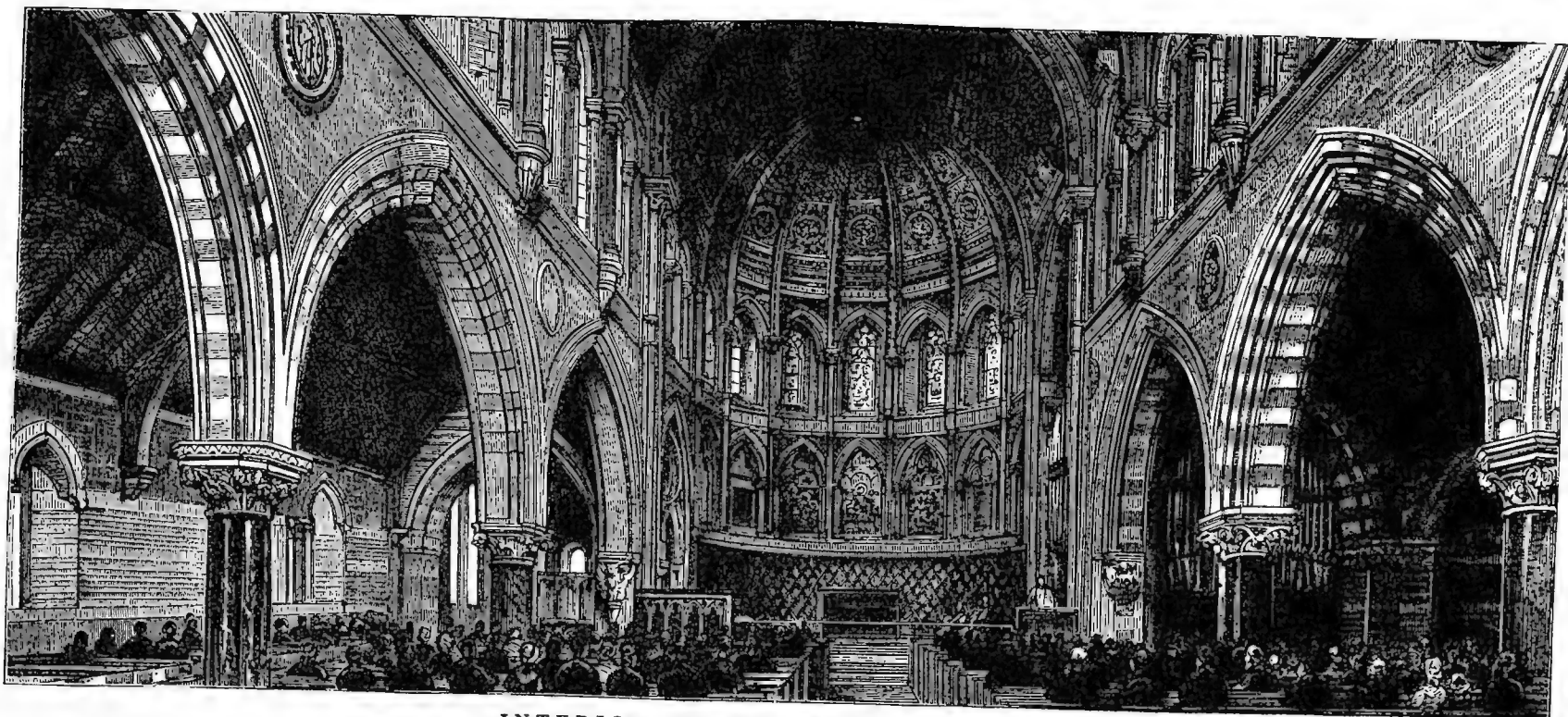


DESCENDING THE INCLINED PLANE

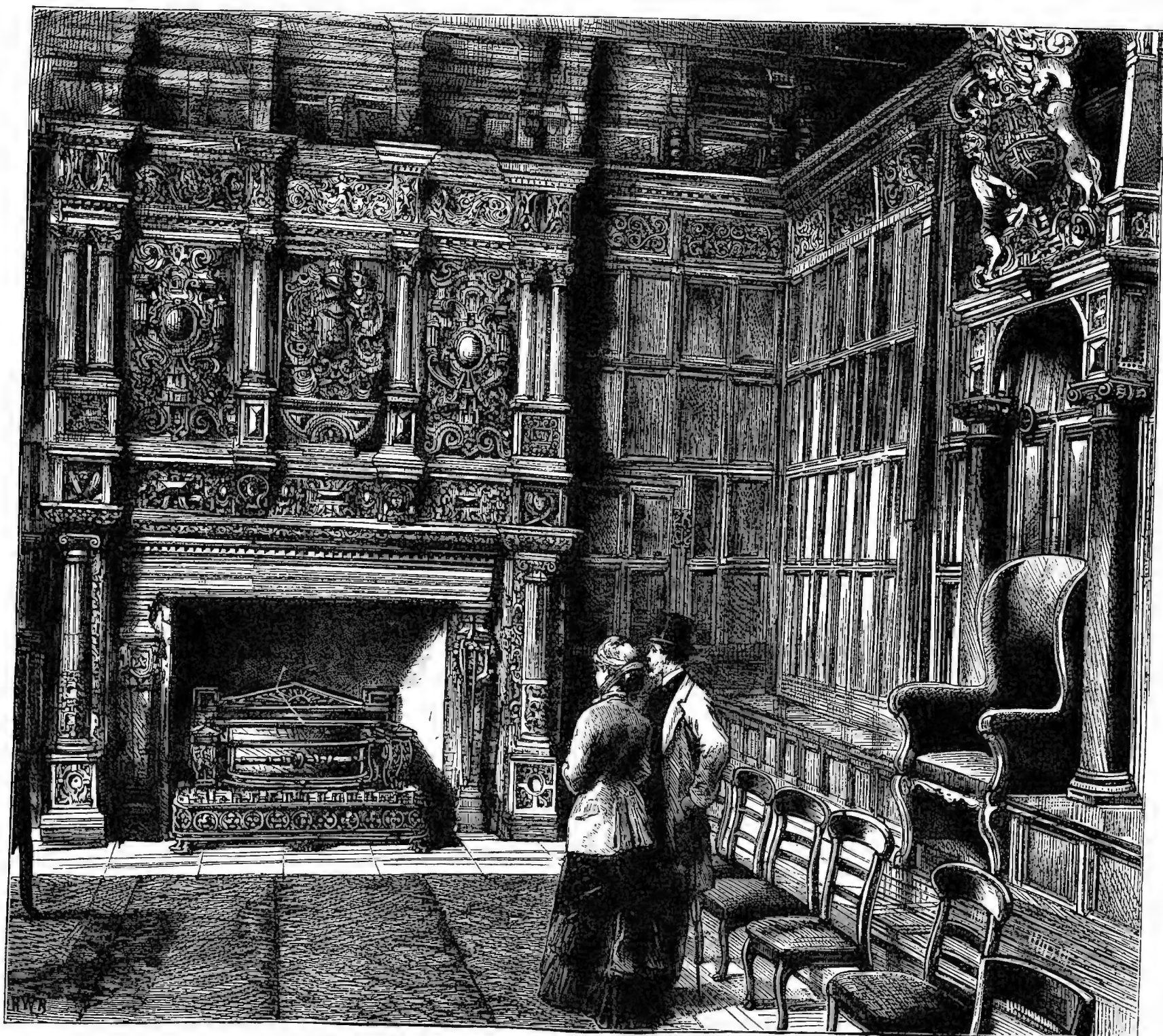
"GREAT PAUL" AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



## LEICESTER ILLUSTRATED



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH



MAYOR'S PARLOUR IN THE OLD TOWN HALL



## Leicester Illustrated

IN spite of recent very rapid growth and increased vivacity, Leicester has not in these days received the attention which, historically considered at least, it undoubtedly deserves. It is one of the most ancient places in the kingdom. Its Market Place has been a market place for upwards of two thousand years, and there is even a tradition that the original town was founded by King Lear. Kings have visited it, and the body of a King, bruised and shattered in battle, was buried in its precincts. Parliament has met there many times; an Archbishop of Canterbury has thundered excommunication and anathema from the high altar of its Abbey; and within sound of its busy murmur the soul of a great Cardinal passed to its rest. It has borne the brunt of battle, of storm and siege, of fire, and all the devastation of war; and its Castle was the home and fortress of two grand heroes in the nation's history—John of Gaunt and Simon de Montfort. The strife between the houses of York and Lancaster originated in the action of a Parliament that met within its walls, and was for ever terminated near by on Bosworth field.

### ITS EARLY HISTORY

Is of unusual interest. In the first century of the Christian Era, the circular cabins and conical straw roofs of the aboriginal Britons gave place to Roman encampments, probably founded by Agricola on his way to York, and it is assumed that before fifty years had elapsed after the formation of the camp on the Leir, as the Soar was then called, the place had developed into a thoroughly organised town. It is mentioned, under the name *Ratæ*, in Ptolemy's "Survey," and appears to have been of recognised importance. It had its own government, founded on the Roman Constitution; numerous remains have been discovered in the western parts of the town, which prove the existence of extensive Roman buildings; and the Wednesday Vegetable Market, on the site of the High Cross of Leicester, is held almost on the identical spot where the Roman-Britons displayed their commodities for sale. Close by, too, the ruins of the stately Basilica, or Court House, have been unearthed; where, for four hundred years, the Prefects and Governors and Generals of *Ratæ* administered the laws of Rome. In other parts of the town, too, the shattered masonry of four important public buildings has also been discovered; and the churches of St. Martin and St. Nicholas stand on the sites of two ancient temples. All over the central part of the modern town tessellated pavements and other antiquities have been unearthed, and bear impressive testimony to its ancient state and magnificence. The incursion of

### THE SAXONS,

WHICH followed the withdrawal of the Roman garrison, brought many changes. There was violence and vicissitude; but the introduction of Christianity, towards the end of the seventh century, spread peace over the land. Mercia was divided into four Dioceses, Leicester being one. On the appointment of its first Bishop, Leicester—or *Lygeraceastre*, as the Saxons called it—became a "city," a dignity never abandoned, though for centuries it has ceased to be a Bishopric. Parishes were formed, and churches built, and local institutions founded, chief amongst them being the Portmannote—a sort of Court for settling disputes as to property, debts, and the like; and the Merchant Guild, a strictly municipal and commercial body, whose business it was to raise taxes, regulate trade, and organise protection from certain violent nobles who lived outside the walls. The Merchant Guild was the forerunner of the modern Corporation. They had a Guild Hall, where they transacted their affairs, and feasted. Each member had a plot of land, which possession constituted him a burgess, and for which he paid annually a fee to the Lord of the district. The Burgesses enjoyed considerable freedom and "the advantages of local self-government!" Every free burgess, and almost every freeman, kept a cow or a horse, and the animals were pastured on the fine meadows on the south side of the town. For generations all was peace, plenty, and prosperity.

But at the end of the eighth century, the Saxons and the Angles of the Midlands came to be harassed by

### THE DANES

THESE gaudy ruffians landed in the Wash and in the Humber; pushed up the Trent and its tributary streams, roared and sneered, and burnt and murdered throughout the land, and in 874 seized Leicester, which with Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Stamford subsequently formed a Danish Confederation, called the "Five Boroughs." The insolent Northmen, with their detestable red hair, were lords of the ancient city for forty years, swaggering about with their battle-axes, insulting the women, and bringing general mortification to the peaceful natives. But Ethelfleda, the heroic daughter of Alfred, provoked at last by ravages and brutalities in Oxfordshire, collected her forces, and advanced on Northampton and thence on Derby, which she captured after enormous loss. Leicester seems to have been taken by stratagem, for the Saxon Chronicle tells, in simple phrase, how she got the town into her power without loss, and how "the greater part of the army that belonged thereto submitted to her." The Danes, however, recaptured the town, and it was not till the accession of Edward the Confessor, in 1041, that the "city" again came into the complete possession of the English. In Edward's time the people of Leicester made their own laws, and governed themselves according to their ancient usage. External authority rarely interfered with them; they virtually formed a little Republic, subject to comparatively insignificant Imperial taxation and obligations. Peace, however, did not bless them long. Two years after the invasion of

### THE NORMANS,

WILLIAM with his army made a determined attack on Leicester, and so fierce and desperate was its resistance that the town—castle, church, and everything—was almost entirely destroyed. On the complete conquest of the inhabitants, their houses and lands were shared among William's followers. But for years the place was a mere wreck. The Castle was strengthened, and given with part of the town to Hugh de Grantmesnil, first Earl of Leicester, who lived surrounded by a garrison, and who treated the broken and impoverished people like slaves. The townspeople who had known no master but the King, who did not trouble them much, were compelled to till the land, to sow the corn, to gather the harvests, and to tend the cattle of the Norman Earl. His levies increased year by year, and, owing to his complicity in the attempt to place the Conqueror's son Robert on the throne, Rufus ordered an army to assault the town and Castle, which again suffered severely. Subsequently the town, which almost always shared the fortunes of the noble who held the Castle, was often attacked, and several times laid partially in ruins, particularly in the reign of Henry II., when the third Earl, Robert Blanchmains, joined the King's rebellious son. Then came the Crusades to draw attention from home affairs, and Leicester remained dilapidated for generations.

### IN THE MIDDLE AGES,

HOWEVER, the ancient community seems to have thriven pretty well, partly in consequence of the wise rule of the princely Earls of Leicester and Lancaster, who occupied the Castle; and partly through innumerable charters and privileges which, by judicious

begging, the inhabitants obtained from various Kings. The chief events of its mediæval history, however, are the Battle of Bosworth and the Siege. Richard III. entered the town in great pomp on an August evening in 1485, and stayed at the "Blue Boar Inn." Here the elaborate Royal bedstead was placed, and remained until about 1613, since when it has been repeatedly sold. There is a story of a landlord of the Inn, in James I.'s reign, whose wife, hastily making the bed one day, discovered a large sum of concealed gold. Clarke, the landlord, grew rich in consequence, and ultimately became Mayor of Leicester; but his wife, who survived him, was robbed and murdered by her servants. The Inn stood in the High Cross Street, but was demolished in 1836.

After the disastrous fight at Bosworth, the body of the King was brought back to Leicester, ignominiously thrown across a horse, and after being exposed in the Collegiate Church, was buried in the Grey Friars, "without any pomp or solemn funeral." Catesby and several other prisoners in the town were beheaded. When the Civil War broke out, Leicester had been long free from military conflict. But the siege and storming by Charles's armies proved, perhaps, the most disastrous of all the attacks upon it. The resistance offered by the inhabitants was fierce in the extreme, even the women joining in the fray, and throwing down missiles from the housetops and the church roofs. But the Royalists won the day, and, infuriated almost to madness, spared neither man, woman, nor child. Rapine and Plunder were let loose; the whole town was sacked; even churches and hospitals were rifled and destroyed by the soldiery, though, it is right to say, to the extreme regret of the King. After the Battle of Naseby, however, Leicester once more fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians; and with the conclusion of the war its military troubles ended. Shortly afterwards the hosiery manufacture was introduced, and led to swift prosperity. Schools, charities, and buildings multiplied, communication was improved, and nothing more sanguinary than election rows, trade strikes and riots, and the fierce discussion of the great Church and State Question, has since disturbed the community.

### MODERN LEICESTER

MAY not inaptly be described as a town that is red in the face. It is built almost entirely of red brick, and on all sides blushes a rubicund welcome. It lies some ninety-six miles from London, in the valley of the river Soar, in the midst of what is called a pastoral country renowned for its hunting. The names of Tailby and of Quorn are illustrious in hunting annals. To the south is a wide plain of fertile undulations; to the north the land is hilly, often rugged, always picturesque. Its surroundings are well-wooded, for it lies in Charnwood Forest, which once so famous, even now, with its scattered remnants, gives the landscape a charm, a variety, a richness, entirely distinct and individual. The town itself is clean, well-paved (in one sense), well-lighted, and not unpicturesque. Its streets meander in a delightfully inconsequential fashion—excepting some terribly modern ones on the outskirts, which are deplorably and depressingly formal. The building fiend, indeed, has spread his ugly arms far and wide, and just now seems busier than ever. Everywhere, south, east, north, and west, his hateful operations are visible, spoiling the landscape, if there is any, and destroying whatever was picturesque and interesting in the old streets. It is not to be denied, however, that some of the newer buildings are pleasant and artistic; and the adoption of the revived mixed styles—a little Tudor, a little Flemish, a little Gothic, and a great deal of Queen Anne,—is producing an acceptable transformation from Georgian dullness and Palladian pretension.

Leicester, indeed, is in a very flourishing condition to all appearances. Its population had increased from 17,005 in 1801 to 68,052 in 1861, since which time it has doubled its total. Not content with its theatre, and its music-hall, its Museum, and its Assembly Rooms, and its Temperance and Freemasons' Halls, it has built itself a large opera-house. It has its Free Library, its Art School, its Skating Rink, its Floral Hall, its Infirmary, and its Hospitals. It has erected a pavilion on its Race Course, and a new Town Hall, which is a distinguishing feature of the place. Churches and chapels have rapidly shot up everywhere, and schools, and saving-banks, and friendly societies innumerable, are developing almost day by day. It has undertaken large water-works improvements, and gigantic and expensive schemes for draining the treacherous river valley, and the prevention of the great floods that nearly every year bring discomfort and destruction and disease to the dwellings of the waterside population. It has pulled down old bridges—narrow but picturesque; it has erected new ones—broader, but (some of them) extremely ugly. It has undertaken sewage works—sadly wanted, and even now capable of vast improvement; it has laid out a cemetery, and so pretty and pleasant is it, and so strange the vagaries of human nature, that people stroll, children play, and I have known lovers whisper there on summer evenings. It has built itself a gaol, and last but by no means least, a lunatic asylum. Its

### TRADES AND MANUFACTURES

ARE numerous and active. Foremost of them is the hosiery. The district was always adapted to the feeding of sheep and cattle; and Leicester has been a wool-growing county ever since a civilised population settled in it. Up till about the close of the sixteenth century hand knitting had been practised for ages; but so far as can be traced, the stocking-frame, which was the foundation of a great manufacturing industry, originated at this period in a curious and rather romantic incident. The inventor was the Rev. W. Lee, of Calverton, in Nottinghamshire; and tradition has it that whenever he visited his sweetheart he found her always more mindful of her knitting than of himself. Mr. Lee very naturally took a strong aversion to knitting by hand, and "having an excellent mechanical head," he set himself to construct a machine that should render the common knitting profitless. His design was completed in 1589, and having worked awhile himself, the reverend gentleman taught his brother and several relations to work under him. Queen Elizabeth rather snubbed the inventor, and refused him a patent, saying, "If Mr. Lee had been able to produce silk stockings she would have done so; but she had too much love to the poor people who obtained their bread by knitting to forward an invention which by depriving them of employment would make them beggars." Daunted, Lee nevertheless set himself to work, and finally produced a machine that made silk stockings, a pair of which he presented to the Queen; but without success. Driven at last to France, he made a new beginning at Rouen, but misfortune again overtook him, and he died lonely, broken-hearted, and in exile, in 1610. Little else is known of him, but his monuments exist in the knitting frames of Chemnitz, Troyes, Amiens, Nottingham, and Leicester. The trade was introduced into the latter place some time during the seventeenth century; and afterwards it became concentrated, as it is now, almost entirely in the district lying between Chesterfield and Market Harborough, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Newark, Leicester being the centre of the woollen branch, and Nottingham of the silk, cotton, and merino. Many improvements have since been made in the frames, mostly by working men, the most important by Jedediah Strutt, who was second only to Lee in that he so improved the manufacture as to create a solid foundation for its present gigantic proportions. From 1810 to 1840 from various causes great distress existed amongst the framers in Leicester and the district. There was rioting and destruction of machines, and there was wide discussion, in which William Cobbett and Robert Hall took part.

It will be remembered also that it was in the debate on the means of suppressing these riots that Byron made his only speech in the House of Lords. In fact the trade until recently was notorious for agitations; but of late years an association, based upon the principle of the *Conseil de Prudhommes*, has brought peace and conciliation to the army of workers and employers. Enormous factories, some of them quite handsome as factories go, have risen up, giving employment to many thousands of people of both sexes and of all ages, to say nothing of the isolated "stockingers" in the suburbs. You can scarcely pass through a village round about Leicester without hearing the busy whirr of the frames, which are found at work late and early in nearly every cottage.

Another valuable industry of Leicester is the manufacture of elastic web, which, whilst affording occupation to thousands of work-people, has given birth to large factories and still larger fortunes. Used first for braces, braids, and cords, it was applied to ladies' garters, to "sandalling" ladies' shoes, nets for ladies' hair, fastenings for their veils, and then to the wrists of their gloves. Then came the invention of vulcanised india-rubber—that is, the natural material heated and combined with sulphur, by which process its elasticity, though diminished, is rendered uniform in all temperatures. This discovery was the death-blow to Wellingtons and Hessians, for it led to the introduction of elastic gussets for boots. In 1850 the weekly production of "gusset webs" for boots and shoes was scarcely more than 100 yards; now one house alone will manufacture many thousands of yards a day, and the consumption in every part of the world is nothing less than astonishing.

The wholesale grocery and provision trades also find a home in Leicester, and are sometimes combined oddly enough with cigars, Cheese, and farm and dairy produce, too, are largely dealt in, but though the country is famous for Stilton, I have never in Leicester tasted any cheese of that name as good as that I have occasionally met with elsewhere. The complaint of the natives is, perhaps, too true. "All the best things go to London!" Wool is another industry also, and a wool fair is held annually. Of late years, too, leather merchants, following in the wake of the boot and shoe manufacturers, have found a local habitation and a name.

The boot and shoe trade, indeed, is a highly important branch of Leicester industry. Forty years ago the boot and shoe business of Leicester consisted solely of children's strap or ankle-band slippers and boots, and gave employment to probably not more than thirty people. The introduction of rivetted, in place of sewn, soles, however, created a revolution, and during the last twenty years has greatly increased the wealth and importance of the town. Large factories and warehouses have risen and are rising in every part, and it is calculated that between twenty and thirty thousand people are employed. There are many families in the neighbouring villages also who depend entirely upon the trade for a living; and some of the larger factories each produce upwards of two and three thousand pairs of all descriptions of boots and shoes in a single day.

### THE ABBEY

Is a remarkably comfortable-looking ruin overlooking the Soar on the northern outskirts of the town. It was founded by Robert le Bossu, Earl of Leicester, in 1143, who died within its walls a recluse after an active life of enterprise and intrigue. Petronilla, more popularly known as Parnell, wife of Blanchmains, the founder's son, built the nave and a chapel in connection, and for years after her death a plait of her hair was used to draw up the choir lamp. Bishop Penny built the brick portions, including the boundary wall; but though numerous fragments of buildings have been discovered, the original plan cannot now be distinctly traced. The Abbey possessed thirty-six parishes in and about Leicester, and supported nearly the whole poor of the town and neighbourhood. But then it was rich. The Abbots sat in Parliament until about 1350, when exemption from the duty was procured "on account of the expense." Kings were entertained and lodged in its chambers on their way to and from the North. Richard II. and his Queen and their gorgeous retinue were received in grand and sumptuous style; and there is record of one Abbot Cloune who, like some of his latter-day prototypes, was "famous for his love of hunting," on which account Edward III. visited him, and granted a charter for the sale of dogs within the Abbey liberty. Charles I., too, lodged here before the siege and capture of Leicester. But the chief interest of the picturesque ruin nowadays is that Cardinal Wolsey died within its walls one bleak November morning in 1530. He had been arrested at York, and was on his way to London when his last illness seized him. He arrived at the Abbey late at night, and entered, it is supposed, through the gateway in the still standing east wall, amid the assembled convent and the glare of torches. The following day was Sunday, and on the Monday morning about eight,

Full of repentance,  
Continual meditation, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

He was buried in the Lady Chapel. After the dissolution of the monasteries in 1534 the buildings rapidly fell into decay. A mansion was erected with the materials, and was fired by the soldiers of Charles I., but a portion of it, shown in our sketch, still exists, with a modern dwelling, now occupied by Mr. Thomas Warner, by whose permission visitors may inspect the ruins and grounds. The site has changed hands many times; it belongs now to the Earl of Dysart. The grounds are used—not inappropriately—as nursery gardens.

### THE CHURCHES

OF Leicester are a striking and extremely interesting feature. The most important, and in some ways the finest church in Leicester, is that dedicated to St. Margaret—"Maid Margaret that was so meek and mild," whose name and fame were brought to England from the Holy Land by the Crusaders. The church stands on the site of the Saxon Cathedral, and the Vicarage in the place where once existed the Saxon Bishop's "Palace"—if such it could be called. It has a fine massive tower (well seen from Church Gate), 180 feet high, of four stages, with embattled parapet and pinnacles. It contains a melodious peal of ten large bells, heard with beautiful effect in the meadows near the new Abbey Park, and surrounding district, and said to be the finest peal in the kingdom. The Chancel is large, well proportioned, and well lighted by five handsome windows; and there are two niches on either side of the East window which once contained statues of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Near the chancel are the Sedilia. These seats were used by the officiating priests before the Reformation. They are carved with great feeling and grace of design; the head of the compartments are of the shape called ogee, the spandrels being appropriately filled in. The "stringcourse," which runs round the chancel, contains some curious carved heads all different in expression and character. Those below the East Window are heads of cherubim, the spaces between being filled up with vine leaves; whilst those below the niches are particularly curious as closely illustrating the jewelled ornaments of ancient head-dresses. The heads on each side of the vestry door are probably those of the King and the Bishop of the Diocese at the time the chancel was erected. At the North side of the Communion Table is

### BISHOP PENNY'S TOMB

NOT very many years since this beautiful monument lay neglected in a dusty recess under a "children's gallery." Penny was Bishop of Bangor and Carlisle in the first decade of the sixteenth century, and



died about 1519 at Leicester Abbey, where he was staying on a visit. He was buried by his own direction in St. Margaret's Church. Bishop Penny was first Abbot of Leicester, and according to Leland "made the new bricke workes of Leicester Abbey, and much of the brick walles." The monument represents the Bishop dressed in the albe, chasuble, and mitre, and holding the pastoral staff, the maniple being over the left arm.

Other interesting features are the font, as old as the chancel; the fine organ, dating from 1773; and several stained windows of more or less artistic merit and beauty. Close by the church is the old *Sancta Via*—now corrupted into Sanvy Gate—the scene of religious processions in days gone by.

#### ST. MARTIN'S,

FORMERLY called St. Crosse, dates from early Roman times, but was almost entirely rebuilt in 1400. The nave originally had narrow aisles—too narrow, in fact, to be convenient, and about the date mentioned an additional south aisle was erected. The original aisles were retained, the separation from the nave and from the new aisle being made by tall slender pillars, which give a very imposing and spacious effect to the interior. The church has been recently restored, on the whole, successfully; the chancel arch being a particularly fine and sweeping curve. There are several monuments of interest, including a tablet in memory of the officers and men of the Leicestershire (17th) regiment who fell in the Crimea; and the wooden porch is the only one of its kind existing in a large town. In the great window of the north transept there was a curious bit of monastic sarcasm: a fox preaching to geese from the text, "*Testis est mihi Deus quam cupiam vos omnes visceribus meis*," an adaptation from St. Paul: "How I long after you all in my bowels," instead of in the bowels of Christ. Here, also, was the chapel of the Guilds of Corpus Christi and St. George, with its altar surmounted by a splendid equestrian effigy of St. George in steel armour. To this chapel or shrine annually came vast numbers of people from the country round. These religious processions formed the great holidays of the people in those days, and that of Corpus Christi was held on Whit Monday, which is still the chief holiday in Leicester. The pageant, full of pomp and circumstance, was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth. The "Riding of the George" was the grandest festivity of the year, and "a day of great rejoicing." The chancel of St. Martin's belongs to the Crown; close to it is "Heyrick's Chancel," formerly a chapel, but since the Reformation occupied by the tombs of the ancient family of the Heyricks. The church was entered by the Parliamentary troopers during the Civil War, who bivouacked themselves and horses in the sacred edifice, with brutal unconcern. Charles I. twice attended Divine Service beneath its roof. The bells, ten in number, are good; some of them by Taylor and Sons, of Loughborough, the founders of "Great Paul," and successors to the several great bell-founders who made Leicester famous by their art.

#### ST. MARY'S

Is beautiful in aspect, especially as seen from the river, venerable in associations, and rich in archaeological interest. Its foundation dates from Saxon times, and there are still existing portions which were erected in 1107 by Robert Beaumont, Earl of Leicester, in rebuilding the Saxon church, which had been in great part destroyed in the attack on the town shortly after the Battle of Hastings. It contained some rich examples of Perpendicular carving in the roof of the south aisle, and there are some notable windows with geometrical tracery. The North Door is a beautiful piece of fifteenth century wood-carving, and from the doorway the view of the interior is very striking; the distant chancel, the wide range of windows in the south wall, the lofty arches on all sides, and the carved woodwork of the roofs, producing a majestic and imposing architectural effect. On the right of the chancel, and at the east end of the south aisle, are

#### THE SEDILIA,

RICHLY carved, in very Early English style, with tooth ornament round the arches. The South Doorway is in the same style, and a particularly fine specimen. The church is connected by history and tradition with some illustrious names. Simon de Montfort worshipped in it, and it is said that the voice of Wicliffe, when he was the guest of John of Gaunt, Earl of Leicester, was once heard in reforming exhortation. Chaucer, too, must very likely have knelt upon its floor, for his wife was sister to the Second Countess of John of Gaunt, Earl of Leicester, and nothing is more probable than that he visited the Castle, and if so, attended the church.

#### ST. NICHOLAS

Is the oldest church in Leicester; built for the most part of the Roman ruins close by. It is of Norman origin of two periods, the clerestory being the earliest. The original transept and north aisle no longer remain, but the existing portions were probably rebuilt late in the thirteenth century. The tower, however, still stands an evidence of the Norman origin of the church.

Another interesting but small church is All Saints', founded by Bossu in the eleventh century. The tower is curious, and there is a quaint old clock with two figures that strike the hours with hammers. It contains a stone coffin, presumably of the twelfth century, a curious ancient chest, a fine thirteenth century font; some old painted windows, and a very beautiful hexagonal pulpit, of fifteenth century design. Alderman Newton (see "Benefactors"), the Newcombes, of bell-founding fame, and others are buried here.

There are numerous new churches in Leicester, one of the latest and most notable being

#### ST. MARK'S,

WHICH was erected at the sole cost of the late W. Perry Herwick, Esq., of Beaumanor, who, in conjunction with his sister, also erected a vicarage and school, and contributed to the endowment. The church is built of a local slate, the mouldings and dressings being of Douling stone; and the use of red brick and stone in the interior is noteworthy. The inside of the church, indeed, is very elaborately decorated; polished granite pillars, carved capitals, shafts of Devonshire marble, encaustic tiles, mosaics, painted glass, and modern frescoes combine to give it a rich appearance. There are oak seats for 700 people, and the pulpit is of carved alabaster with marble pillars. The apse is semi-circular, plain below, but with windows above in recessed arches, with pillar shafts and carved capitals, the whole being surmounted by a richly carved carved cornice.

#### THE CHAPELS

ARE very numerous, which is not remarkable, considering that Wicliffe, Latimer, Bunyan, and Fox had, each in his day, considerable influence here; to say nothing of Robert Hall, whose name to this day is a power in the town. There are Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, and United Methodists; there are Congregationalists and Independents; there are Roman Catholics and Unitarians; and above all there are Baptists. Leicester, indeed, is a Baptist stronghold. The Wesleyan Methodist Church in Leicester dates from 1757, when the congregation assembled in a building called the "Old Barn." A chapel afterwards erected on the spot still remains. The first Baptist church in Leicester was erected in 1785, and after various enlargements and alterations, now seats 1,000 people. Belvoir Street, otherwise known as the "Pork

Pie" Chapel, was opened in 1845, but the "church" itself was founded in 1760. A fine edifice in the Gothic style, standing on the London Road, might be mistaken for an Anglican building. It is called the Victoria Road Church, and though its congregation is nominally a Baptist one, people of all Evangelical creeds meet in it on a common footing. The Society of Friends, too, must not be forgotten. The meeting house is in Friars' Road, and dates from 1770.

#### THE NEW ABBEY PARK

WHICH the Prince and Princess of Wales will open on Monday, is rather disappointing in its present condition. It is the result of a reclamation of what used to be the Abbey Meadows, the works including a considerable widening and deepening of the river to prevent floods. The grounds are fairly well laid out, with plentiful shrubs and trees, and next week will be gay with bedding plants. But the trees are mere striplings, and many years must elapse before they have grown sufficiently to hide the fine forest of factory chimneys smoking it on several sides. The river passes through the park, and on the opposite bank, the walls of the ruined abbey, with the wooded slopes beyond, afford a pleasant prospect. There is a piece of ornamental water; and the two lodges at the entrance gates are particularly picturesque and pretty.

We may here add, that the Race Course, on the other side of the town is also shortly to be converted into a park, the Race Committee having obtained a new and better site for the Meetings, which, hitherto only annual, will henceforth be held oftener.

#### THE OLD TOWN HALL

Is the representative of the Hall that once belonged to the Guild of Corpus Christi. In the old roof-timbers there are yet remaining hooks to which curtains were hung by the players in the good old times when it was used as a theatre. It is said, indeed, that Shakespeare performed here. There are some good portraits, including amongst other notables Henry, Earl of Huntingdon (1623) and Sir Thomas White, but the most interesting feature is

#### THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR,

WHICH dates from 1636. The carving is extremely interesting as illustrating the rich but debased style of the period. The work over the fireplace is much painted and gilded, and the Mayor's Chair is quite in keeping with it. Besides some curious old stained windows, there are two paintings, one of Alderman Robert Heyrick, twice Mayor of Leicester, with this curious rhyme:

His picture whom you here see  
When he is dead and rotten,  
By this shall remembered be  
When he shall be forgotten.

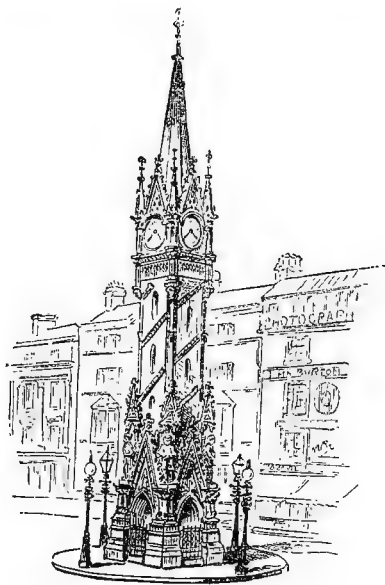
Behind the fireplace is the Borough Muniment Room, where many valuable records of historical and antiquarian interest are preserved.

#### THE JEWRY WALL

AT the west end of St. Nicholas Church, is a Roman structure, being built of Lydian tiles or bricks; but it baffles antiquaries to say of what edifice it has formed a part. It is altogether singular, and probably the most striking memorial in Britain of the massive and dignified architecture of the Romans. The district is rich in Roman remains, and close by the Wall the foundations of two ancient chapels have been discovered, together with large quantities of the bones of oxen, apparently indicating the site of pagan sacrifices. Near here also a very fine Roman tessellated pavement was uncarth in 1830.

#### THE CLOCK TOWER

STANDS near the Market Place, on the site of the Old Hay Market, and was erected as a memorial to Simon de Montfort, Sir



THE CLOCK TOWER

Thomas White, William of Wyggeston, and Alderman Newton, whose effigies are seen at each corner of the base. The style is Decorated Gothic, the height seventy feet; and the total cost 1,200.

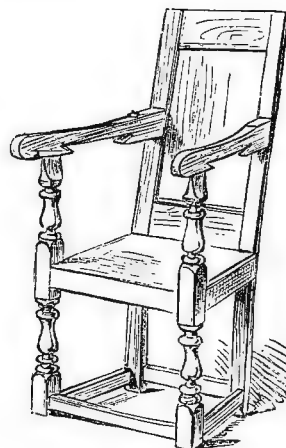
#### THE TOWN HALL

Is the most important and perhaps the most artistic recent building, having been opened in 1876. The style is Queen Anne, of Suffolk red bricks, and dressings of Ketten stone, with a tiled roof, the staircases being of Yorkshire stone, with wrought iron balustrades and polished brass handrails. The chimney-pieces of the various rooms are all in keeping, and the corridors are laid with a tessellated pavement, made by the female convicts at Woking. The building, which measures 246 feet by 118 feet, affords accommodation for all departments of the municipal authority, including police and fire brigade. The main rooms are on the ground floor, where are the handsome Crown Court, entered through a lobby of considerable size; and the Nisi Prius, or Second Court, not quite so large. Both floors are well fitted and furnished, the windows containing some very fair painted glass, representing the principal Leicester worthies, such as Simon de Montfort, Hugh Latimer, Sir Thomas White, John of Gaunt, and William of Wigston, with their arms, and the arms of the Borough. On the first floor is the Mayor's Parlour, with a carved walnut chimney-piece; and the Council Chamber—the largest and most ornamented room—with its elaborate ceiling, massive cornice, and large windows; filled with stained glass. The fireplace, with its basket grate and dogs, is noteworthy, and the chamber is decorated with several portraits of celebrities. The Mayor and Aldermen sit on a raised dais, the Councillors on semicircular benches.

At the south-west corner is a house for the Chief Constable of the Borough, and the Tower, 145 feet high, contains the clock and five bells. The architect is Mr. Thomas J. James, and the total cost was 53,000.

#### THE CUCKING STOOL

Is a curious instrument of medieval punishment, preserved with other interesting local relics in the town Museum. It is described as "an engine invented for the punishment of scolds and unquiet women,



THE CUCKING STOOL

by ducking them in the water, after having placed them in a stool or chair fixed at the end of a long pole, by which they were immersed in some muddy or stinking pool." It was in use in comparatively recent years, a new one having been made as late as 1763.

#### THE MARKET-PLACE

Is fittingly a central part of Leicester. It is large, though not as large as that of Nottingham, which is probably the finest in the kingdom. Like the rest of Leicester, it has in recent years undergone considerable changes. Some of the new shops and houses are handsome. The statue in the centre is a representation of the late Duke of Rutland, and is heavily gilt; it is therefore dubbed by the irreverent the "Golden Dook." The Market Place is the assembly ground of the local Volunteers, a smart and soldierly corps, in gorgeous scarlet; and also of the Salvation Army which, with band and banners, parades in or about the centre on Sunday afternoons, creating a perivivid and rather resonant excitement. The market is held on Saturdays, and, as Friday afternoon closes in, a staff of more or less dressed persons of rough aspect commence to arrange the stalls for the morrow—the gaunt apparatus being stored in the basement of the Market House—shown on the right of our sketch. They make a terrible clatter, which, however, is a mild infliction compared with the vociferous roar of the market the next day. As Saturday night draws on the din increases, the crowd of purchasers swells, and the voices grow more hoarse, as, by the flaming glare of gas and petroleum lamps, the great business of Sunday's dinner is arranged and bargained. One goes to bed, say at twelve, and still the shrieks and shouts, the clattering roar, and dull undertone of what *The Times* parliamentary man calls "murmurs," are at their height. Comes Sunday morning, and all is peace. Not a vestige, not a cabbage-leaf, nor a potato, nor a shred of meat, nor a scrap of any kind remains to tell the tale. The stalls are gone, the people fled; and the "Golden Dook" stands with bowed head in the rain or the sunshine, sadly regarding empty solitude.

#### LATIMER'S HOUSE

Is the birthplace of the martyred bishop. It stands in the little village of Thurstaston, some five miles from Leicester. Latimer was the son of "a reputable farmer" of Thurstaston, but the story of his life, preachings, and death by fire at Oxford in 1555, are too well known, we take it, to need detailed repetition here. There was, at one time, an old painting of him hanging in the parsonage, where, by the way, Dr. Hurd, the learned Bishop of Worcester, long resided as Rector. The Doctor's best remembered action, for which the present generation feels scarcely grateful, was the removal of the painted windows from the church, in order that they might be "put in order," which means that they were replaced by plain glass.

#### BENEFACTORS AND CELEBRITIES

SIMON DE MONTFORT, Earl of Leicester, took great interest in the town. When not Crusading, he probably resided in the Castle, which, with its picturesque Yard and quaint entrance, still exists, but its exterior is coated with dull veneer of Georgian brick, and the Great Hall, that once resounded with feudal merry-makings, and in which the Parliament of England has met and debated many times, is chopped up by modern partitions into dirty, stuffy "Courts," in which the Assizes are held. The famous Earl remitted taxes, and gave charters to the citizens confirming various rights; and in all and sundry had in view the welfare of the town, which prospered greatly under his rule.

William of Wigston, or Wyggeston, lived 300 years later. His father had been Mayor, and Member of Parliament, and William shared, with three others in Leicester, the privilege of carrying his wool for sale to Calais, then an English possession. Though married he was childless, and therefore, amongst other charities, he originated the Hospital which bears his name, and gave up to it most of his possessions during life. These endowments have greatly increased in value and productiveness, and part of the funds has been devoted to the foundation of large boys' and girls' "Wyggeston's Hospital Schools," which are now in full working order.

Sir Thomas White was Lord Mayor of London and member of the Merchant Taylors' Company. He was born in 1494, and died in 1566. He devised a scheme for lending sums of money without interest to young burgesses of "good name and thrift," who required capital in starting in life. The gift having been applied solely to Coventry for thirty-one years after his death, is given yearly in rotation to Coventry, Leicester, Northampton, Warwick, and Nottingham, to be lent out for nine years in sums of 500 to 1000, with security. Many people of standing in these towns owe their good fortune and success to this beneficent plan.

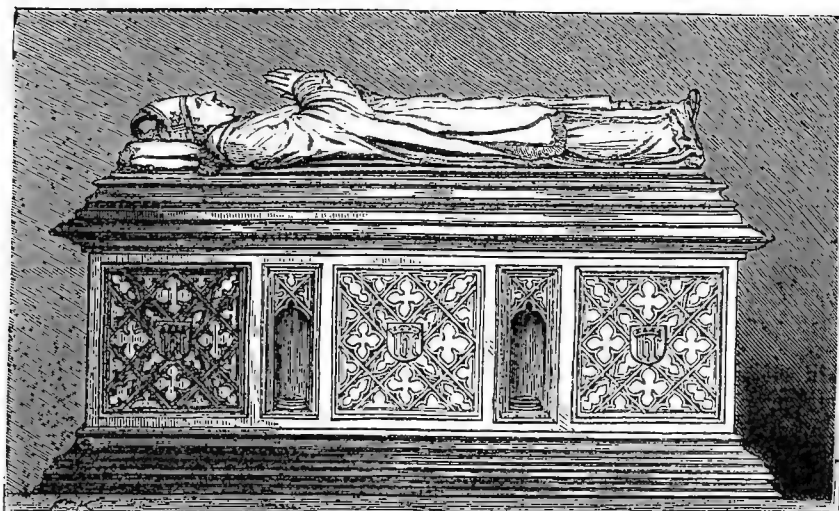
Alderman Gabriel Newton was an eccentric individual, who caned anybody whom he found doing that which he ought not to do. He was "down" upon clergymen in the vestry when they made mistakes in the Service; and he once fought with a parish clerk in the belfry about the clerk's boy ringing the bell irregularly. Throsby says "he broke his cane over the clerk's head, for which the clerk kicked him downstairs." But he founded a valuable charity—The Green Coat School, and large grants from the supporting fund have been awarded to many Midland towns and villages.

John of Gaunt, Sir William Hastings, Wicliffe, Lady Jane Grey, Buckingham, Robert Hall, the excellent and eloquent, the Rev. Mr. Mursell, and many other celebrated people are all more or

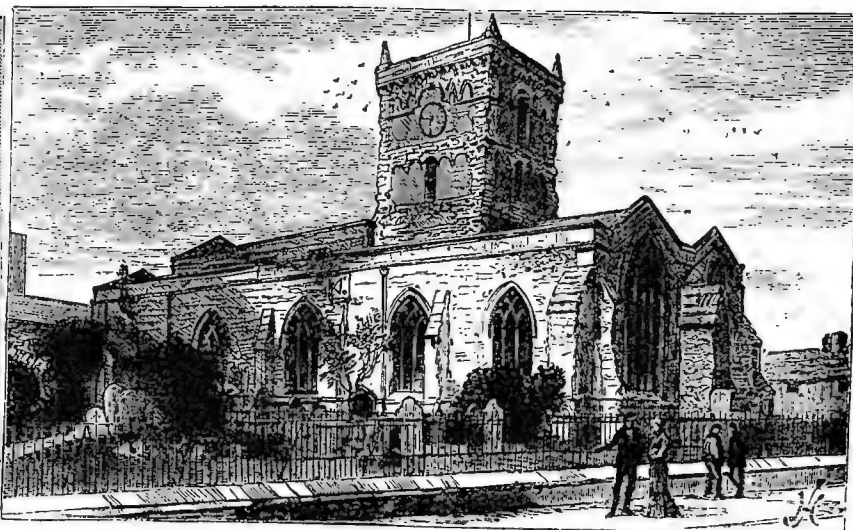




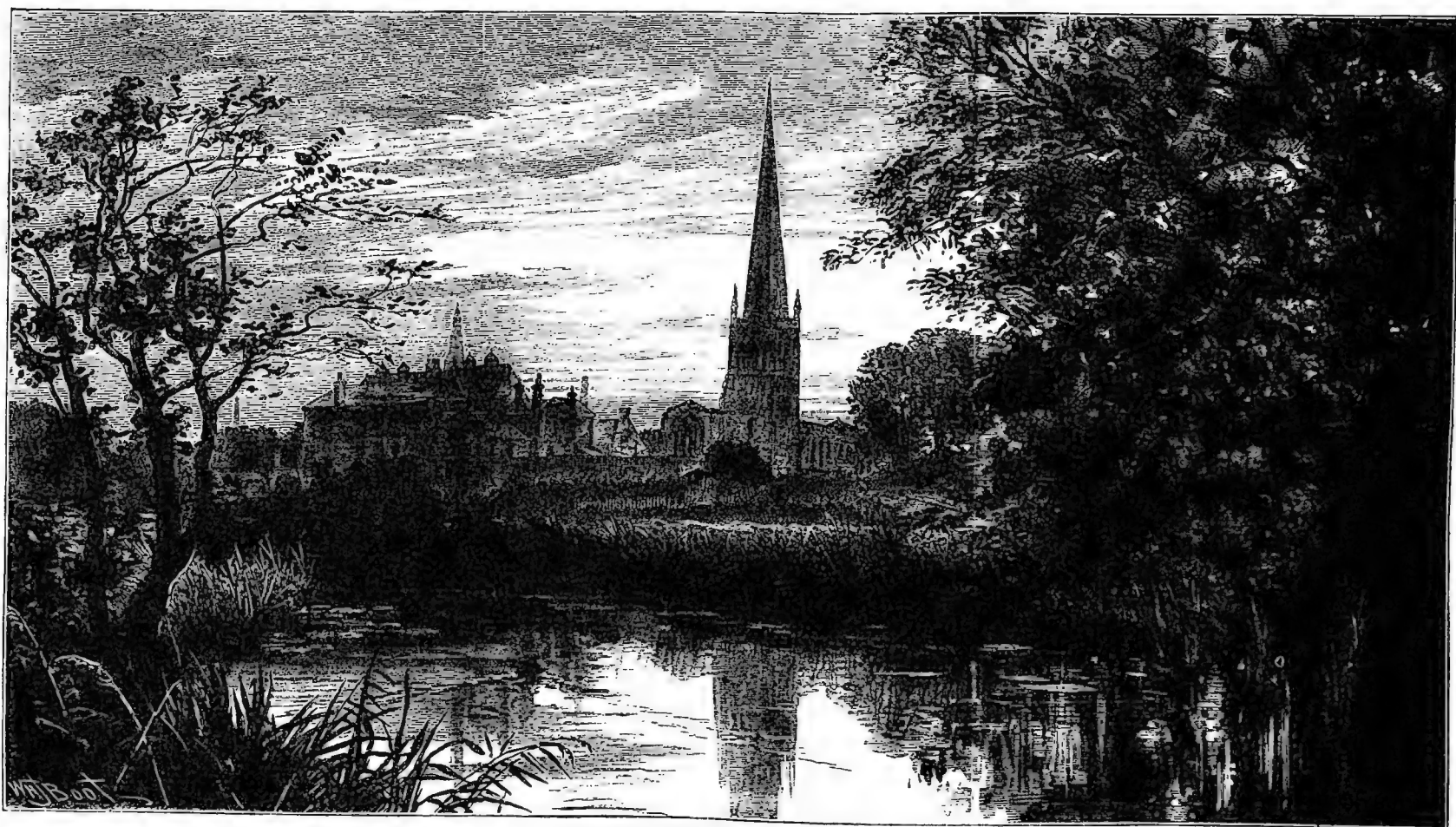
THE ABBEY



BISHOP PENNY'S TOMB IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH

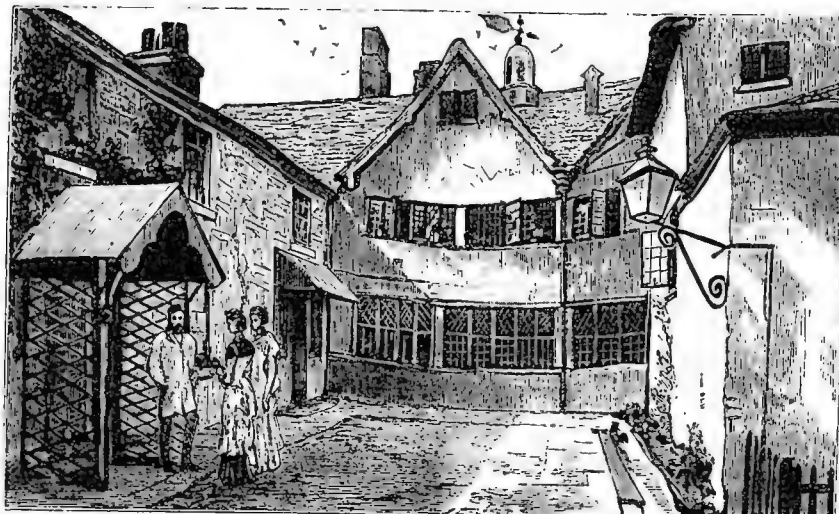


ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH

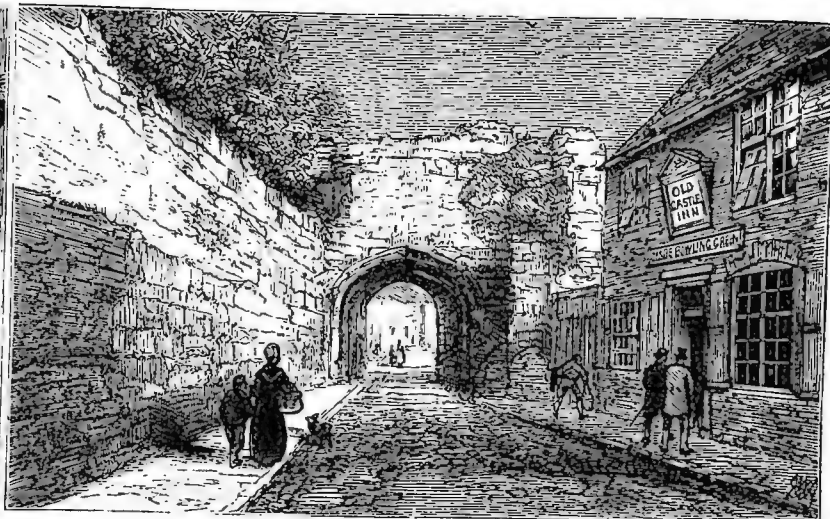


ST. MARY'S CHURCH, FROM THE RIVER

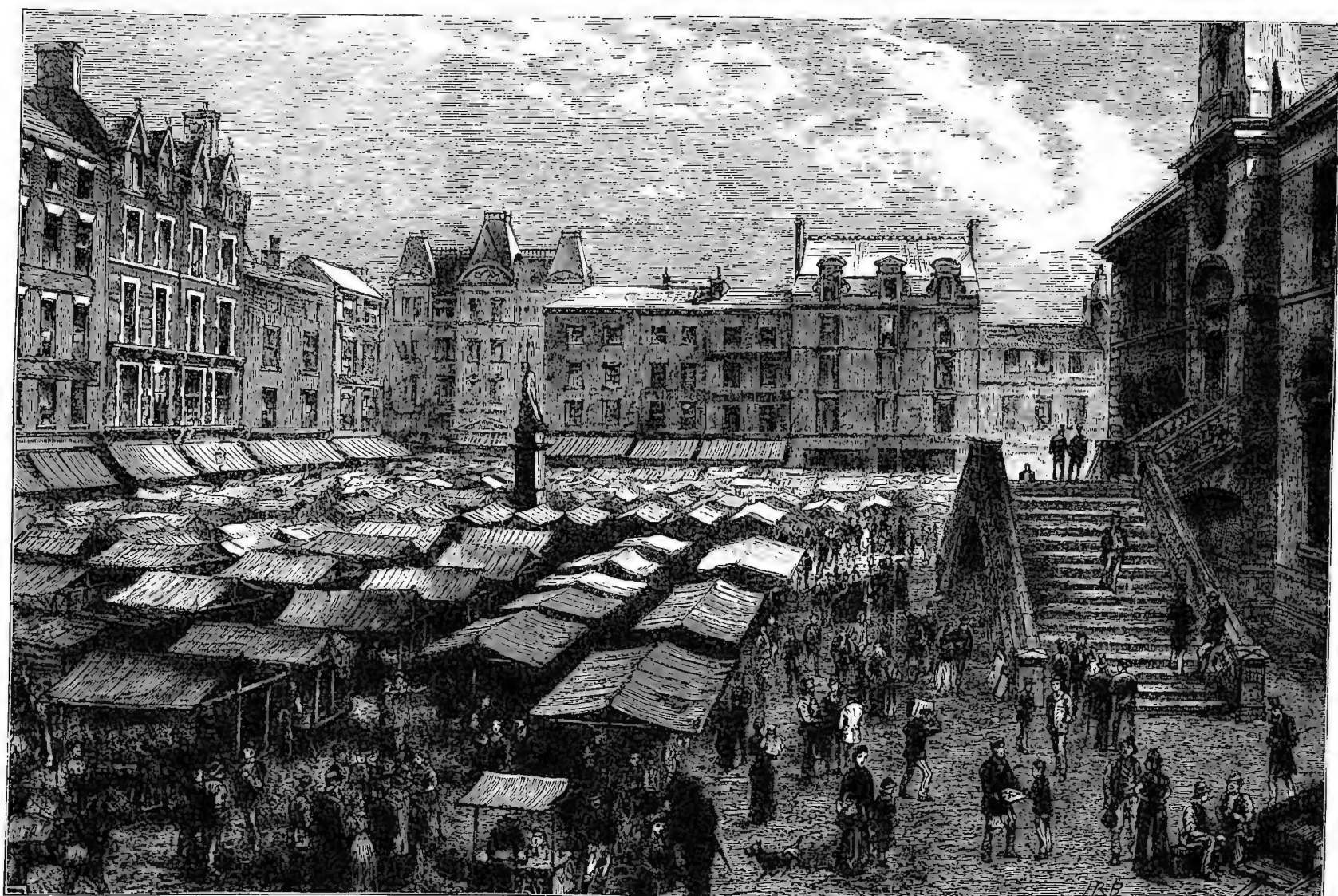




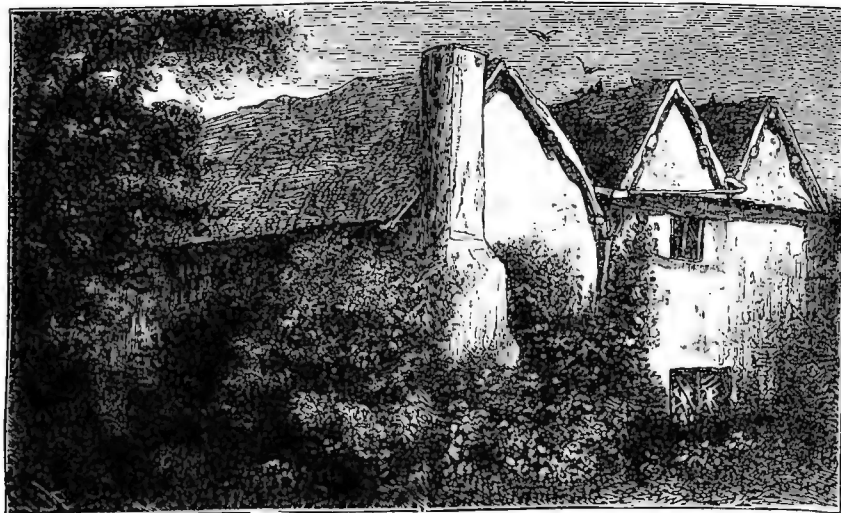
THE OLD TOWN HALL



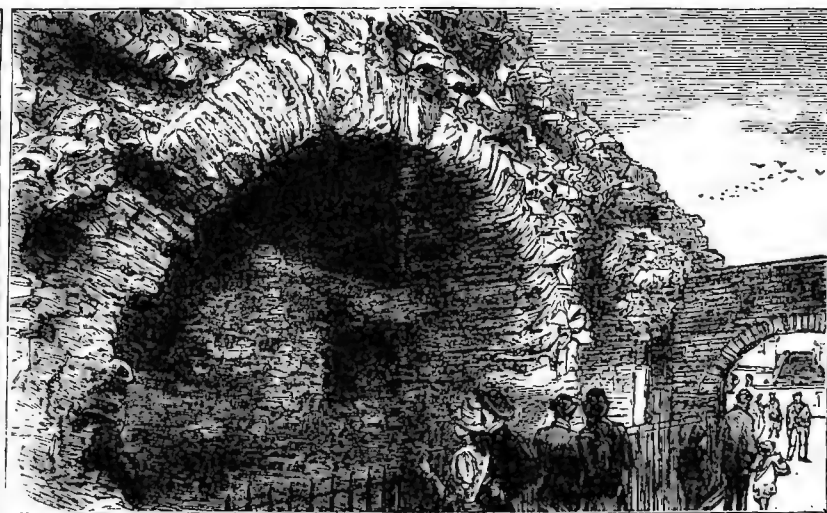
THE CASTLE YARD



MARKET PLACE—SATURDAY AFTERNOON



LATIMER'S HOUSE



THE OLD JEWRY WALL



less connected with Leicester; nor must we omit to mention the celebrated Daniel Lambert, the "largest man on record," who is said to have weighed nearly 7 cwt., and measured 3 feet 1 inch round the leg, and 9 feet 4 inches round the body.

### THE PEOPLE

SUGGEST some consideration. Aristocracy there is none, actually in the town, that is; nor are there any gentry, in the strict sense of the word. Indeed, an old lady, who recently died, and whose name for obvious reasons cannot be mentioned, used to say that she was "the last lady in the place," and there is no doubt she was right. But there are plenty of well-to-do people, and one or two who are very rich indeed—folks whose fortunes have been won in trade and commerce. They are all more or less sedulously devoted to the making of money—a reputation which has belonged to Leicester people for centuries. The lower orders, and particularly the shoe riveters, can show some fine specimens of the blackguard pure and simple, who afford interesting studies on Sunday mornings, when they may be seen idling on the country roads and in the lanes, the coat pockets of each bulging with one or more bull terriers, which they send into the fields, on either sides, for rabbits, or whatever game can be caught. But it is doubtful if they sink to the level of the Nottingham "lamb" or the Whitechapel rough. Regarded as a whole, however, Leicester people are very pleasant, very hospitable, and rather simple. The factory girls struck me as contrasting favourably with their London prototypes. There are some "bad lots" of course, but, speaking generally, they seem as a class superior to those of the metropolis; they are cleaner, neater, healthier, and most of them better dressed. I saw several early the other morning walking in from one of the outlying villages—walking with springy, vigorous step, in the bright sunshine, and to the songs of the birds in the hedgerows; each carrying her bag or basket of food, each bright-eyed, and merry, and—fancy this—each with well-polished boots! What contrasts these, to the hurrying slatterns one meets in London streets say between 7 and 8 A.M.!

### POLITICS AND RELIGION

LEICESTER is distinctly a Radical and Dissenting Borough. Its citizens have had a revolutionary habit of standing out for their rights—and sometimes more than their rights—from time immemorial. They quarrelled with their Earls in the old feudal days; and they were foremost in badgering King John, and of late years they, or at least, the majority of them, have been remarkable for their contempt for ancient institutions, their antagonism against the Established Church, and their scorn of Lord Beaconsfield and the Conservative Party. In fact they seem troubled with a chronic dissent from things constitutional and ecclesiastical; though, oddly enough, they can be wonderfully loyal and munificent when Royalty visits the town, as is amply proved by the elaborate preparation for welcoming the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday next. The Royal College of Music meets with but scant support; but a Royal visit opens the purses of the burgesses and citizens very wide indeed.

### THE ENVIRONS

ARE full of beauty and of interest. Bradgate Park we have already described (see No. 633, Jan. 14), and pleasant and profitable excursions may be taken to the grand and stately ruin of Ulverscroft Priory, at Newton Linford; the Abbey of St. Bernard, near Whitwick, on the western edge of Charnwood, and where the Benedictine régime is still in unmitigated operation; to Barrow-on-Soar, the famous hunting-ground for fossils; and to Kirby Muxloe, where are the fine ruins of the Castle built by Sir William Hastings in the fifteenth century. Ulverscroft Priory, of which we give a view, is the finest religious ruin in the county, and there are connected with it some quaint and pathetic traditions, too lengthy, however, for introduction here.

### IN CONCLUSION

It remains to add that this brief survey is necessarily imperfect and inexhaustive. In Leicester and its suburbs there are many other objects besides those I have treated, which, if space permitted, might be profitably dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that full information can be obtained from Mr. James Thompson's admirable "History of Leicester," published by Mr. Hewitt at Caxton House, Leicester; from the same author's "Handbook of Leicester" (Chronicle Office), and from the exhaustive "Guide" published by Messrs. J. and T. Spencer, Market Place, Leicester, to which works I am indebted for many of the facts embodied in these columns.

HARRY V. BARNETT

NOTE.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Hudson (the fine-art photographer), supplied by his agent, Mr. Hewitt, Caxton House, Leicester, with the exception of the Castle Yard and Latimer's House, which are from photographs by Messrs. J. and T. Spencer, Market Place, Leicester, and the view of the Market Place, which is from a sketch by our Special Artist.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.—A trifle too bombastic for the present age is "Liberty," a song of Ancient Rome (suggested by Macaulay's "Virginia"), the heroic poetry by Somerville Gibney, music by Eaton Fanning; it is arranged for a soprano solo with chorus, and will make a pleasant change at a choral concert.—A pathetic poem by Mrs. Hemans, "Troubadour Song," has been melodiously set to music by Dinah M. Shapley for a contralto voice.—Very pretty and tuneful is a cradle song, "The Fisherman's Wife to Her Babe," written and composed by Georgina Thompson and Alice M. Williams.—Decidedly clever and dramatic is a song by Edward Holmes, the words, from the *Family Herald*, are very sentimental; the compass is from C below the lines to G above the lines.—"Löhr's Primer, a Catechism of the Rudiments of Music," is designed to meet a want long felt by choirmasters and others engaged in teaching the rudiments of music in classes. The author, in his preface, observes: "In this book nothing has been included but what is indispensable for a well-ordered and efficient choir to know." We can also recommend it to the attention of school teachers.—No. 2 of "Six Feuillet's d'Album," transcribed for the violin, violoncello, or flute, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Emile Hatzfeld, is a very charming melody by Rubinstein.—A group of useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom consists of "Deux Valses Impromptu," No. 1, in A flat, No. 2, in D flat, and "Sächsisches Lied," by Ignatz Gibsone.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—From hence come four songs of average merit, all of which will be very useful for Penny Readings, Village Concerts, &c., especially as they may be sung in public without a fee. Prettiest of the four is "Oh, the Wild Roses," published in A flat and F, written and composed by Helen M. Burnside and Emilio Pieraccini. "Warbling of Blackbirds" is a sweet poem, by Jean Ingelow, pleasingly set to music by A. Scott Gatty; the most original of the set. "Tell Me So" is a

poem for a woman of the advanced school who does all the love-making for herself, written by Gordon Campbell, music by Harriette Young. "Guardian Angels" is a charming lullaby, written and composed by Miss H. M. Burnside and G. Adelmann.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Stars" is a pathetic poem, by the Rev. F. Langbridge, music by J. L. Hutton; with two such clever *collaborateurs* the result, as might be expected, is very satisfactory; the song has only to be heard to become popular.—Equally pretty, but more simple and easy, is "Sweet Wild Rose," written and composed by Frederick Enoch and J. B. Williams.—Ch. Tourville has arranged very effectively, in the form of a gavotte, Holbb's dainty song, "Phyllis is My Only Joy;" it is called "Phyllis," a *gavotte-pastorale*.—"The Little Flirt Polka," by Gustave Dauvin, has a very taking title-page and a dance-provoking tune.—"Secret of Love" waltz, by Arthur Grenville, contains no new ideas, but the time is well marked.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three songs, each published in three keys, music by A. Rotoli, are of a melancholy type, but fairly good compositions in their style. "Tentazione" and "Sola" are written by R. Salustri, "Ho Pianto Tanto" is translated from the German by E. Heine by S. Menaschi (Messrs. Ricordi).—The well-known "Epitaph On a Robin," by Samuel Rogers, has been set to music, with a pianoforte and violin accompaniment, by C. A. Ranken, in much too elaborate a manner for the subject (Lamborne Cock).—Another melancholy death-bed song, of which so many have been written of late, is "The Ebb Tide," the words by the Rev. S. J. Stone, music by the Rev. A. Wellesley Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—"Grand March in G," for the pianoforte, by Isidore de Solla, is a very showy specimen of its school, difficult both to read and play, and scarcely worth the trouble of learning (C. Jefferys).—"Tarantelle" in F minor, for the pianoforte, by J. A. Willis (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers), and "Gavotte in B flat," by Gerard Coventry (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.), are of a very ordinary type, but will prove useful additions to the *répertoire* of players who are fond of a change and learn off easily.—A very pretty waltz by a rising young composer, Reginald J. Thompson, is "The Carlyle" (Messrs. Waud and Co.).



SIGNOR GALLENGA thinks that Mr. Wallace's Russia is the Russia of ten years ago, whereas his own "Summer Tour in Russia" (Chapman and Hall) was begun at the end of last June, and therefore he may be expected to give the latest news about Jew-baiting and other matters of quite recent interest. In Odessa the Jews are 70,000 strong, more than a third of the whole population; and they have completely ousted the Polish nobles who owned the large Black Earth estates, thus earning the hatred not only of the populace, but of the officials. Drive out the Jew, says M. Gallenga, and you'll let in the Lombard, who is far "sharper." At St. Petersburg, by the way, the explanation of the atrocities was cynical enough: "Our people are merely following the lead of those highly-educated and enlightened Germans who are always thrust in our faces as patterns." Like everyone else, M. Gallenga is quite at sea about Nihilism—"the tenebrous association which never speaks, but acts." His remedy for Czar-murder is "to put the Czar among Sovereigns who can do no wrong;" but surely the assassination of Prime Ministers would be as demoralising as that of Czars. Ignatieff he pronounces a failure; "he does nothing but harass the press and play bopeep with the Nihilists." He is sure that autocracy has received its death-blow; it cannot stand while there are men ready to give life for life. The best thing is to extend to the whole Empire what is already in force in Finland and the Baltic provinces, and thus to create an Austro-Hungary or Norway-Sweden on a grand scale. Let the cry of "Russia for the Russians" mean real care for home interests, which have hitherto been sacrificed to foreign policy. For the future, diplomatists are of no more use than generals; Austria and Germany block the way to Constantinople, geography is England's ally on the Asiatic side. What Russia wants, and has never had, is good administrators. As a mere book of travel M. Gallenga's tour is most interesting. He was in Russia four months, and went everywhere from Helsingfors to Tiflis.

Were we going to Russia in light marching order we would read M. Gallenga, if we had time, but we would take with us "The Russian Empire; its Origin and Development" (the fifteenth volume of Cassell's "Popular Library"). It is a wonderful shilling's worth, giving, in addition to a very good summary of Russian history, Mr. Boulton's lively sketch of his travels. This unhappily dates from 1874, but he has been in the country since, though his more recent visits have not taught him anything new about the Nihilists. They are very few, very well organised, and can command unlimited money.

We have in one way or another got hold of a large part of the Burmese Empire, and Colonel W. Laurie, in "Ashé Pyee, the Superior Country; or, The Great Attractions of Burma to British Enterprise and Commerce" (W. H. Allen), is very anxious we should pay sufficient attention to the rest. Upper Burma he complains "has been too long silent for any good;" but Sir A. Phayre, and others since, have doubted whether forcing her to speak might not be harmful. Theebaw may be "the Burmese Nero," but in keeping aloof from us he is only treading in the steps of his worthy predecessor Mengdon Meng. It's all very well to ask, "How long is British trade to be injured by periodical fits of excitement?" and to assure us that free trade on the Irrawaddy from Bhamo to the sea might "create the grandest commercial revolution in Eastern Asia ever known by man." But how if the Burmese prefer Fair Trade, or even Protection? Surely they have a right to their opinion, though they don't own any ironclads or Krupp's guns. British Burma no doubt has grown rich, and doubled its population; but income and population are not everything. Colonel Laurie's chapters on national character and religion are interesting, though we cannot believe that Nirvana means "The Eternal City." We trust it may be as long before the colossal foot of Gautama reaches the British Museum as we are sure it will be before "the Russian Bear" menaces us on the Burmese frontier.

Mr. S. Kinn's "Moses and Geology, or the Harmony of the Bible With Science" (Cassell) is an odd mixture. He disproves the fortuitous concurrence of atoms by showing a Hobbs's key, the arrangement of which can be varied more than a billion times; and he thinks that because the record of the Flood is found on the Assyrian tablets, therefore the real book of Enoch (the so-called Book he does not deign to notice) must have been preserved, and "a copy of it may yet turn up in Mesopotamia." He is sure that "the grand old antediluvian patriarch Seth invented the constellations and the signs of the Zodiac, meaning thereby to teach mankind the scheme of Redemption—the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head." But, apart from such questionable topics, there is a vast amount of information in the book. The view of the Deluge—partial; covering only "the region" (Heb. *h'arrets*), and probably occurring when the volcanic cone of Ararat was upheaved—is sensible enough; so is the explanation (borrowed from Hugh Miller) of the "six days" as visions of the six great geological epochs seen by Moses on the Mount; and it is certainly true that "though God could have called everything that now is into existence in a moment of time, such a

stupendous miracle would not have manifested His power so greatly as the ordaining of fixed laws which should bring about the present condition of the Universe."

"Academy Notes" and "Grosvenor Notes," by Henry Blackburn (Chatto and Windus). Time slips rapidly away, and, although it seems only the other day when Mr. Blackburn first put forth his "Academy Notes," we have already reached the eighth year of the publication of that work. These little volumes are yearly increasing in popularity, and no wonder, for they are valuable both for present use, and still more for future reference. Armed with one of these illustrated catalogues, the reader will find these little drawings such wonderful aids to memory, that, with a vividness of mental vision worthy of William Blake, he will be able to summon up at will gallery after gallery of bygone Academy and Grosvenor Exhibitions. Mr. Blackburn has had many imitators, and they would do well to ponder over the rules laid down in his brief preface. The most important of these are, that the sketches should be merely memoranda; that they should not aim at being works of art; that they should be slight, so as not to effect copyright; and that the whole of the composition should be indicated.

We have also received the "Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon for 1882," edited as usual by M. F. G. Dumas (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.). The illustrations in this work are on a larger and more ambitious scale than those in the English publications of this nature. There are about 400 reproductions in *fac-simile* after the original drawings of the artists, and the book forms an interesting summary of the chief contents of the Salon, and to those who are not able to visit the Exhibition in person will afford a very fair idea of the type of paintings produced by the modern French school.

Mr. C. K. Salaman's "Jews as They Are" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) is a book which would have delighted Lord Beaconsfield, for it is pervaded from beginning to end by the triumphant spirit of "Sidonia." We believe with Mr. Salaman that the German Jews are persecuted because Christians are jealous of their success: "They take the lead in art, science, literature, and luxury." It is the same feeling which before now has made Scotchmen unpopular in India and elsewhere. Of the more serious persecution in Russia, Mr. Salaman, unlike Mr. Gallenga, believes the *Times* reports to be substantially true; indeed, the Delegate Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, after long and careful investigation, asserts that "Russian brutality is only equalled by Russian mendacity." Mr. Salaman, too, blames the Rescript, which the Governor of Warsaw at first refused to publish, saying that Jews and Poles had always lived on friendly terms. In the chapter headed "Shylock from a Jewish point of view" is brought together the archaeology of the story. We specially commend the remarks on conversions to the supporters of the Jews' Society; but the whole book is full of interest.



"A LOVELESS SACRIFICE," by Ina Leon Cassilis (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is a tenderly written and moderately interesting tale of how a girl attempted to destroy her lover's happiness and her own for the sake of a brother not worth the sacrifice of a straw. A certain amount of freshness is given to this familiar theme by avoiding the usual machinery of misunderstanding characteristic of the lovers of contemporary fiction. Neither does Errol Ruthven take for granted without inquiry that Una's withdrawal from their engagement was caused by any fault of hers, nor does Una, after the favourite fashion of heroines, endeavour to make him believe her unworthy. Accepting the situation, both Errol and Una fill it with considerable good sense, a highly sympathetic trust in one another. The principal peculiarity about Una is that, in addition to her natural talents and virtues, she is sub-editor, leader-writer, and dramatic and musical critic to a leading daily journal. How she contrived to find the time for her personal romance is rather difficult to say, but no doubt the sub-editresses of the future will not permit the idlers to have all the fun of life to themselves. Errol was a newspaper reporter, so that an altogether new field of conjecture as to new directions of development is open to the daily press in time to come. We can recommend "A Loveless Sacrifice" as holding a good place in the average of wholesome and unpretending fiction.

A peculiarity about the catastrophe of "Deepglen," by Hugh Morven (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is that on the last page all the leading characters are either drowned together or saved together, while every sort of decision between these conflicting surmises is rendered as impossible as the interpretation of an exceptionally ambiguous oracle. And this exaggerated delight in obscurity marks "Deepglen" not only on the last but on every page. While elaborate prominence is given to conversations that mean nothing and lead to nothing, the various situations are so slurred over and hidden away that a microscope is needed for their discovery. When the situations are found, they are chiefly distinguished by absence of motive and want of connection. One man, because he sees his wife in a boat with somebody else, fires at them from the shore, and, thinking the other man killed, brings his wife home from the indefinite colony where this had happened to England, and invites unnecessary scandal about him and her by causelessly pretending to be his own brother, and afterwards hangs about mysteriously under another name, for no reason at all, unless it be to irritate the reader. He has, however, to make a partially clean breast of things in order to prevent his son from falling in love with a sister brought up—again for no reason—as the daughter of a Highland factor; and she, though in love with a neighbour, consents to marry a man who saw the shot fired that was supposed to kill the man in the boat in order to buy his silence—though how it came to be supposed that the man in the boat was killed, when the contrary was the case, never appears. Then all concerned go off to New Zealand in company, the witness of the shot drinks himself to death during the voyage, and the rest are either drowned *en masse* or not drowned at all. If we have failed to represent any of these facts accurately or completely, we shall refuse to plead guilty to the charge of insufficient care. The result, however, is a feeling of anything but gratitude to an author who compels his readers to study his meaning as closely, and with as little hope of success, as if he were writing metaphysics instead of fiction.

"A Poor Squire," by Holme Lee (2 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is injured by an affectedly eccentric style, but is, at any rate in parts, graceful and effective in conception. The growth of the girl's first unconscious love for the poor squire is exceedingly delicate and natural, and suffices to draw interest from the slenderest possible materials. The lovers are separated for some ten years, and the second portion of the novel is a variation upon the theme of which writers and readers alike have never wearied, and never will weary—how true love, at any rate in romance, is blind to rank and wealth, and finds even a certain delight in throwing over dukes and diamonds for commons and poverty. Not that Holme Lee's squire is romantically poor. He is rich enough and high-placed enough to stand for the county. The effect would have been much more graceful had Holme Lee taken the pains to make her English as simple as her story. She has proved on former occasions that she stands in no need of the cover of eccentricity.



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 All kinds of Iron and Wire Fencing, Hurdles, Gates, Tree Guards, Wire Netting, Poultry and Pheasant Fencing, Chain Harrows, Rack Stands, Chain Pumps, Sheep and Deer Hay Racks, Black Varnish, &c., &c., sent free on application.

Manufactory:  
**Victoria Works, Wolverhampton.**  
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**THE LOUIS VELVETEEN.**  
 The Best Make known.  
**JONES BROS., 360 to 366, Holloway Road, N.**  
 this Supply all Qualities, Black and Colours, of CELEBRATED VELVETEEN at cheapest possible rates. Patterns post free. The wear of every yard guaranteed.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and**  
**WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?**—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 2s. 6d. Gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry 400 engravings, 3s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn St., corner of St. Martin's Lane.

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**CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STATIONERY** contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel. The included sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

**WEDDING and Birthday Presents,**  
 at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly, SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE, LIBRARY, AND BIRK.

In Polished Brass, Bronze, Silver, Ormolu and Oxidized Silver, from 21s. to £10.  
 DRESSING CASES . . . 21s. to £50  
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 THE NEW "TANTALUS" LIQUEUR STAND, 10s. to £10.

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £5.

**RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS**  
 for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from 8s. to £50; Hand Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags . . . 1 kind, at very moderate prices.

**PORTRAIT ALBUMS** at RODRIGUES', with patent leather guards, 4s. 6d. to £5. Floral Albums, Scrap Albums, Regimental and Presentation Albums, of every description. Portrait Frames for Gables, Cabinets, and Miniatures.

**RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,**  
 Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies, Engraved as Gems, from original and artistic designs. NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BES L. KELLER'S STAMPS, any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note Papers.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly Engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d. BALL PROGRAMMES, BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

**ARMS and CRESTS FOUND,**  
 PAINTED, and Engraved on Rings, seals, Dies, Book-Plates, Gold, Silver, and Ivory. Official Seals and Prescripts. TESTIMONIALS and PRESENTATION ADDRESSSES Written and Illuminated on Velveteen. RODRIGUES' Heraldic Engraver, 42, Piccadilly.

**ELKINGTON & CO.**  
 ELECTRO PLATE. SILVER PLATE. CLOCKS and BRONZES.

**ELKINGTON & CO.**  
 TESTIMONIAL PLATE. CUTLERY, &c., &c. Illustrated Catalogues post free.

**ELKINGTON & CO., 22, Regent St., or 42, Moorgate St.**

**NOTICE.—GARDNERS'** consequent on the extension of their Metal Trades are RELINQUISHING their ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, and CLOCK DEPARTMENTS. The STOCK of the first quality only is NOW OFFERED to the public at a DISCOUNT of 5% PER CENT. from the marked prices. Descriptive lists post free on application.—Nos. 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

**THE CELEBRATED LOUIS VELVETEEN**  
 IN THE CITY.  
**JOHN LONSDALE,**  
 28 to 31, ALBEMARLE ST., E.C.  
 The Wear of every yard, both Black and Colours, Guaranteed.

Special Make for Boys' Suits. Patterns post free.

**SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT**  
 COMPANY (Limited),  
 13, MOSLEY STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.  
 THE PRICE OF THEIR PATENT INCANDESCENT LAMP IS NOW REDUCED TO FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

**MAPLE and CO.,**  
**TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,**  
**LONDON.**

**UPHOLSTERERS by Appointment**  
**TO**  
**HER MAJESTY.**

**THE LARGEST FURNISHING**  
**ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.**

**MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of**  
**BED-ROOM SUITES by**  
**MACHINERY.**

**500 BEDROOM SUITES, from**  
**4 guineas to 200 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,**  
**5½ guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid**  
**Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand**  
**fitted with Minton's Tiles, £10 15s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid**  
**Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand**  
**fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid**  
**Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand**  
**fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, £14 15s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash**  
**or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,**  
**Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of**  
**Drawers, £18 15s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid**  
**Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash,**  
**with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip-**  
**pendale in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or**  
**dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hang-**  
**ing), with raised centre, Duchesse toilet table fitted with**  
**jewel drawers, washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal**  
**cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. These Suites**  
**are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel**  
**plates, 35 to 50 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippen-**  
**dale, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs;**  
**large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly**  
**inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85**  
**to 200 Guineas.**

**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**  
 free. The largest furnishing establishment in the world.

**MAPLE and CO.**  
**THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT**  
**OF**  
**BEDSTEADS. Brass.**  
**BEDSTEADS. Iron.**  
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**TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS**  
 in Stock to select from.

**MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in**  
**Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture**  
**and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in**  
**stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass**  
**bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 6d. to**  
**30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads**  
**in guineas. Bedding of every description manufac-**  
**tured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The**  
**trade supplied.**

**MAPLE and CO. BEDDING.**  
**MAPLE and CO. Spring Mattresses.**

**SPRING MATTRESSES.—The**  
**Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have**  
**made such advantageous arrangements that we are**  
**enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring**  
**Mattresses at the following low prices:**

3 ft. 21s. 3 ft. 25s. 4 ft. 29s. 4 ft. 35s. 5 ft. 40s.

**MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS.**  
**TURKEY CARPETS,**  
**TURKEY CARPETS, as made in**  
**the Seventeenth Century.**  
**TURKEY CARPETS.**

**TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to**  
 Select from.

**THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT**  
**OF INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY**  
**CARPETS always in stock. Superior qualities.**  
**Purchasers must beware of inferior Turkey Carpets,**  
**which are now being manufactured and sold as best**  
**quality at so much per square yard.—MAPLE and CO.,**  
**Tottenham Court Road.**

**MAPLE and CO. have correspon-**  
**dents and buyers in India and Persia (who act**  
**solely for them) from whom they receive direct consign-**  
**ments of superior and first-class CARPETS of**  
**guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are cautioned against**  
**large quantities which are coming forward of inferior**  
**quality, these having been made to suit the demand for**  
**cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade**  
**supplied.**

**THE LARGEST STOCK of**  
**ORIENTAL CARPETS IN**  
**EUROPE.**

**ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—**  
 5,000 of these in stock, some being really wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art collectors, especially when it is considered what great value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which are sold at commercial prices.

**A PERSIAN CARPET for Thirty**  
 Shillings, measuring about 10 feet long by 5 feet wide. 5,000 to select from. The goods are regularly imported by MAPLE and CO., and are very durable, being the best of this make. 145 to 149, Tottenham Court Road, London.

**FIFTY MILES of**  
**BEST BRUSSELS**  
**CARPETS at 3s. 9d. per yard.**

**THESE GOODS, by some of the first**  
 Manufacturers, are of superior quality, the designs and colourings new and artistic. They are 1s. per yard under the usual price asked at the West End for the same quality.

**POSTAL ORDER DEPART-**  
**MENT.**—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

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 to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

**MAPLE and CO., LONDON.**

**SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.**  
**EGERTON BURNETT'S**  
**Pure Wool Best Dye Black**  
**Seals, as supplied by him**  
**for Court Mourning, are in**  
**great demand. A variety**  
**of qualities from 1s. 2½d.**  
**to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies**  
**who have a preference for**  
**black should write for pat-**  
**terns direct to**  
**EGERTON BURNETT, Woollea Warehouse,**  
**Wellington, Somerset.**

**TO LADIES.**

**SEWILL'S Keyless WATCHES.**  
 Prize Medals, London, Paris, and Philadelphia. Damp and Dust Proof, 18-carat cases adjusted and compensated for all climates. £10 10s., £14 14s., and £25; Ladies' £7 7s., £10 10s., and £18 10s. In Silver Cases for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s., £6 6s., and £8 8s. Forwarded on receipt of remittance.—J. SEWILL, 30, Cornhill, London, and 61, South Castle Street, Liverpool. Illus. Catalogue Free.

**DIAMONDS. MR. STREETER,**  
 Diamond Merchant,  
 Bond St., London,  
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**SAPPHIRES.**  
**CAT'S-EYES.**  
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 Importer of Precious Stones.  
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**JOHN BROGDEN,**  
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 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, CHANCERY CROSS.

The attention of the public is respectfully directed to the great advantage of purchasing from the bona fide manufacturer at really wholesale prices for ready money, thereby superseding co-operative stores. The 18-carat Gold Artistic Jewellery is made in the basement, where some of the most skilled goldsmiths can be seen at work. The Paris Gold Medal in 1878 was awarded for "Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery in exquisite taste." Also the Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Grand Diplôme d'Honneur, and Gold Medal of l'Académie Nationale, Paris.

Established A.D. 1798.  
 No agents are authorised to call on customers.

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicious food, which is not only a diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk.  
**J. EPPS and CO., CHOCOLATE CHEMISTS,**  
 Makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for after-dinner.

**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the**  
**HAIR.**—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold every where at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

**GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured**  
 by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable Chemists, price 11s. per bottle. All who are afflicted with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated Treatise. Post free, 4d., F. NEWBURY and SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London.

Address—F. COMAR, 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris.

**PAIN KILLER.**—Perry Davis's PAIN KILLER is recommended by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Nurses, and all the Managers of Factories, Farm Stewards—In short by everybody, everywhere, who has ever given it a trial. Taken internally, cures sudden Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Acid Stomach, Headache, Neuritis, indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Cholera, and all the Piles, Kidney Complaints, Lumbago, Spasms, Canker Rash, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach. Painters' Colic, Worms, Diarrhoea, and Cholera; applied externally, cures Scalds, Burns, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Erysipelas, Kingworm, Whitlows, Old Sores, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat, Headache, Neuralgia, in the Face or Head, Pain in the Side, Pains in the Back and Loins (Lumbago). It is a medicine now well known and appreciated throughout the world. Price of PAIN KILLER, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.—OF Chemists, everywhere.

**INDIGESTION.—An Open Door to**  
**HEALTH.**—Every person suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any symptom of a "Stomach out of Order," should send for a Pamphlet respecting the positive cure by the use of LACTOPEPTINE, and read the cases and letters from Medical Men in every part of the world, showing results in practice. More than 1,000 Doctors, 10,000 Chemists, the entire Medical Press, have testified as to the remarkable efficacy of LACTOPEPTINE. It is rational in the theory of its action, and cures all disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price 4s. 6d. in Quince Bottles, with a Dose Measure attached; and can be sent by post. Each Bottle contains 48 lozenges, is agreeable to the taste, and may be taken in either liquid or wafer form. LACTOPEPTINE is prepared solely by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Laboratory, Great Russell St., London.

**SOZODONT.**  
 FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.  
 SOZODONT preserves the Teeth. SOZODONT cleanses the Teeth. SOZODONT freshens the Teeth—SOZODONT imparts the most fragrant breath—SOZODONT removes all tartar and scurf from the Teeth—SOZODONT arrests the progress of decay. All Blemishes that disfigure the Teeth are speedily removed by SOZODONT, the great purifying and beautifying agent. The gums are made rosy and healthy by its use, and the mortifying defect, an unpleasant breath, is completely remedied by it. It is the king of dentifrices. The Bottles are fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the Teeth-brush. Each Bottle is enclosed in a Toilet Box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 2s. 6d. Observe the name SOZODONT on the Label, Box, and Bottle.

**THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE**  
 WORLD for the LIVER, STOMACH, and SPLEEN is HOLMAN'S PAD. Hundreds of thousands bear testimony. Try one and be convinced. Stop Drugging! All ages and both sexes discover in the Holman Pad the most marvellous remedy for the absolute cure of Biliousness, indigestion, and that without the slightest removal of stomach with dangerous drugs. It is Nature's greatest, best, and safest remedy, and is valued beyond all price by thousands who have suffered in all parts of the world. Price of Regular Pad, 10s. Special, 15s. We earnestly invite the reader to send for Book of Testimonials; free to any address.—THE HOLMAN PAD CO., Great Russell Street Buildings, London, W.C.

**LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.**

**WE DO NOT KNOW ANY**  
**REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE**  
**in all cases of Nerve Pains.** The following testimonials are of such a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D. of Moyston writes, "Having been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

**A SINGLE APPLICATION OF**  
**NEURALINE** not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W. of Moyston writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

**THE GREATEST SUFFERERS**  
 from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. K. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

**"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL REWARD."** So says J. S. L., of Kiltree, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

**IT IS NO VAIN BOAST,** but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for All Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use NEURALINE. Mrs. Jermyn Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmham, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline.

**NEURALINE SHOULD**  
**ALWAYS BE USED** for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. T., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes, "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

**NEURALINE, THE BEST AND**  
**SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC,** curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

**ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS**  
 REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K. of Eversley Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and REST-**  
 LESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centre, the pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

**NERVE PAINS may be said to**  
 exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy there is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Building, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

**FROM OSBORNE HOUSE,**  
 Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it." All sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated.

**NO REMEDY FOR NERVE**  
 PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 37, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

**FROM ONE of many Testimonials**  
 the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. Miss J. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

**AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERA-**  
 TION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however long or long standing. "Mrs. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, saying, as last time, 'it was quickly effected for curing Neuralgia in the instep.'—Eastwood, near Nottingham."

**A SIMPLE APPLICATION of**  
 NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

**INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO**  
 SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colbrook Park, Manchester.

**NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED**  
 to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful and the true supply of the relief was instantaneous."

**NEURALINE should always be**  
 used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormaway, N.B., writes: "Messrs. Leath and Ross, please publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

**ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe,**  
 are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain-relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

**NEURALGIA Instantaneously**  
 cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C. G., Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E. "Having suffered from a child, a period over twenty five years, from Neuralgia, on the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it, I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

**The Speediest and most Reliable**  
 Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, W., London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s. Merchants, Shippers, and the Trade supply on the best terms with all Homoeopathic preparations.

**PETER ROBINSON,**  
**COURT AND GENERAL**  
**MOURNING WAREHOUSE,**  
**REGENCY STREET.**

**"FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS."**

Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram.  
**PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-MAKERS** MILITARY TRAVEL to ALL PARTS of the COUNTRY (no matter the distance, FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENCY STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.

Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

Address 256 to 262, Regent Street, London.  
**PETER ROBINSON'S.**

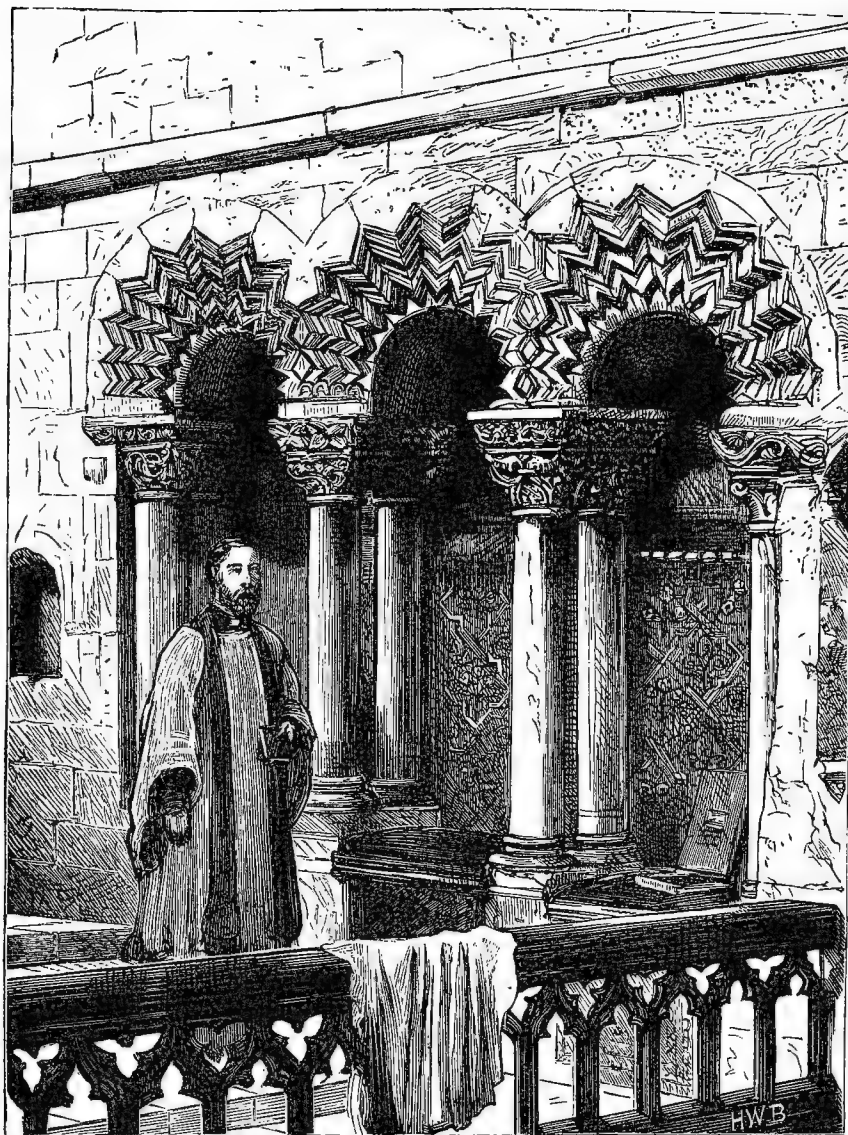
**THE BEST CRAPES,**  
 THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.  
 Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.

Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard. Orders, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

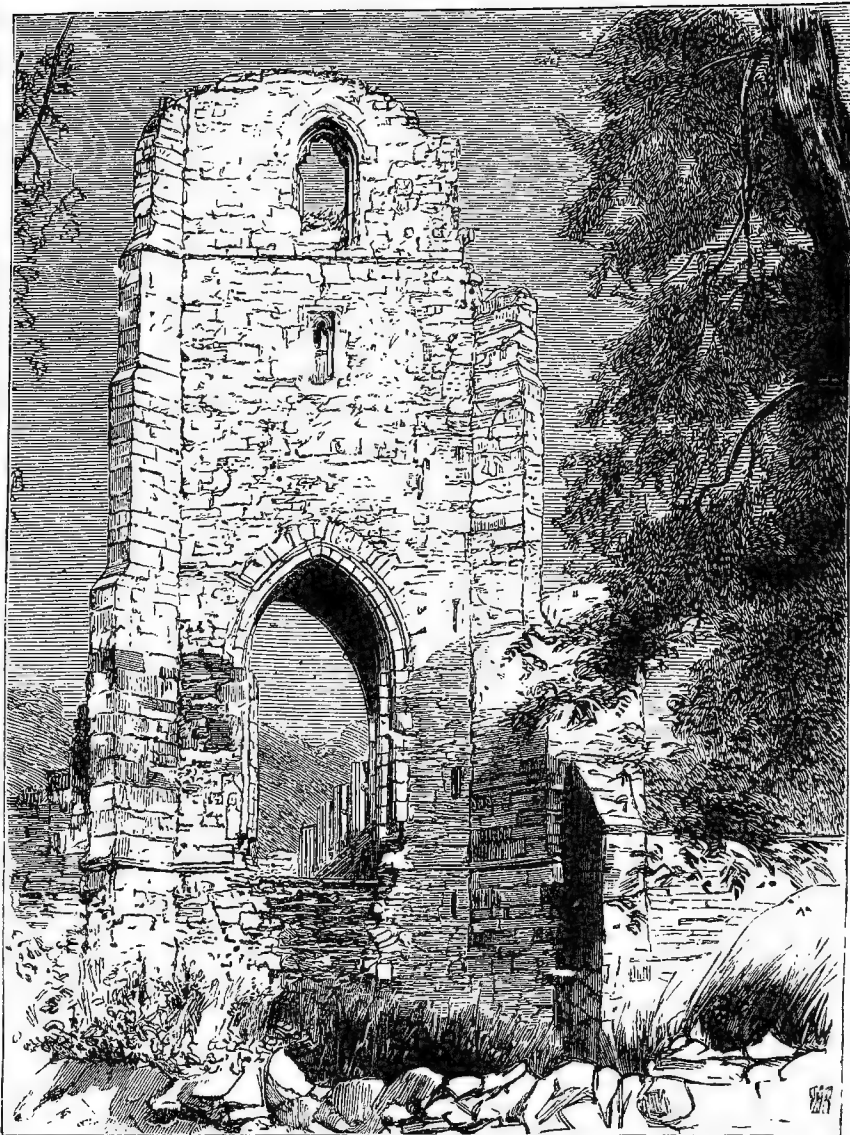
**PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse,**  
 256 to 262, Regent Street, London, W.

**"LOUIS VELVETEEN."**  
**BLACK AND ALL COLOURS.**  
 PATTERNS

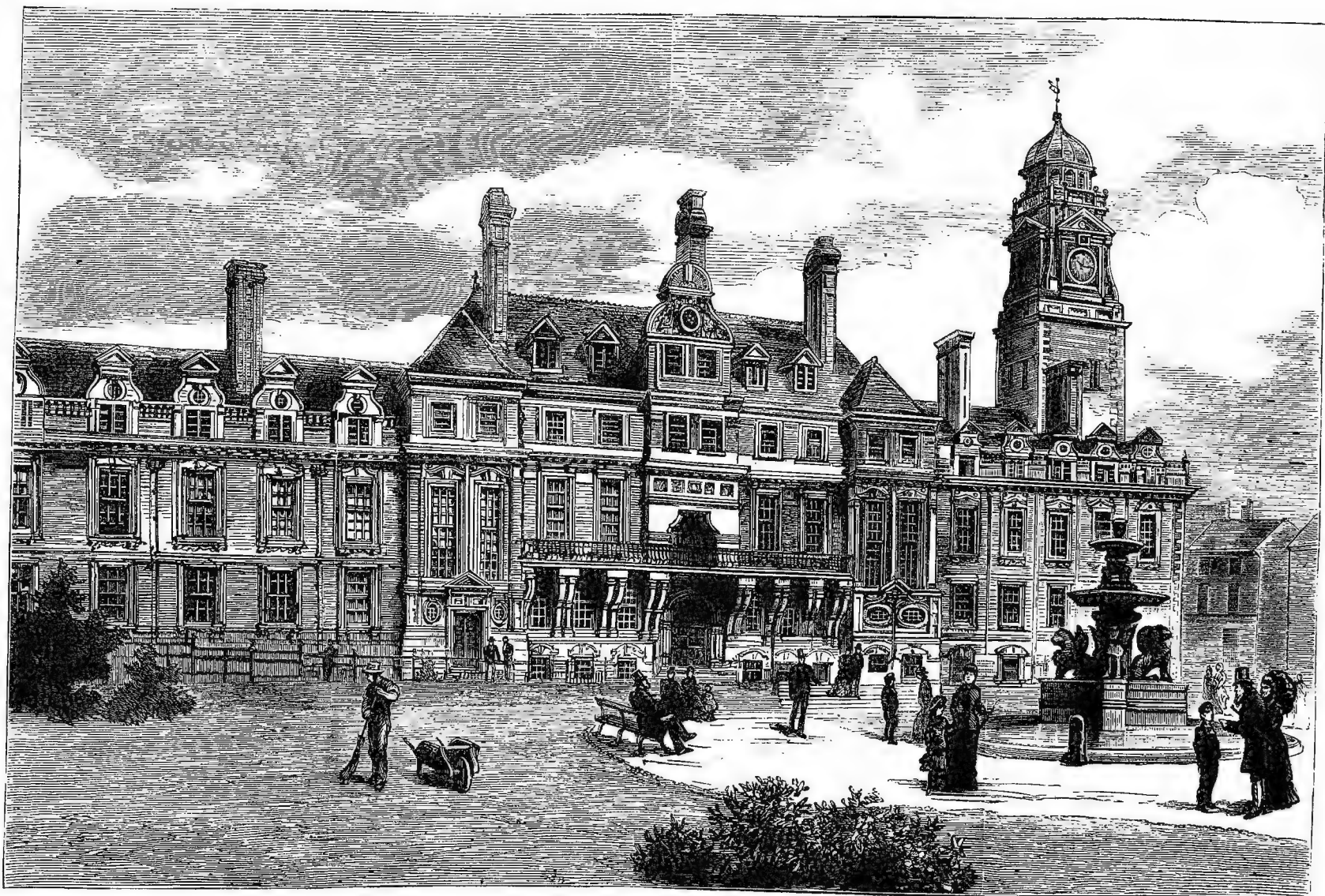




THE SEDILIA IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH



ULVERSCROFT PRIORY



THE TOWN HALL





DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"Put your hand on mine, dear, and leave it there."

## MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER LIX.

#### PEGWELL BAY

JULY had come and nearly gone before Lord Hampstead again saw Marion Fay. He had promised not to go to Pegwell Bay, hardly understanding why such a promise had been exacted from him, but still acceding to it when it had been suggested to him by Mrs. Roden, at the request, as she said, of the Quaker. It was understood that Marion would soon return to Holloway, and that on that account the serenity of Pegwell Bay need not be disturbed by the coming of so great a man as Lord Hampstead. Hampstead had of course ridiculed the reason, but had complied with the request,—with the promise, however, that Marion should return early in the summer. But the summer weeks had passed by, and Marion did not return.

Letters passed between them daily in which Marion attempted always to be cheerful. Though she had as yet invented no familiar name for her noble lover, yet she had grown into familiarity with him, and was no longer afraid of his nobility. "You oughtn't to stay there," she said, "wasting your life and doing nothing, because of a sick girl. You've got your yacht, and are letting all the summer weather go by." In answer to this he wrote to her, saying that he had sold his yacht. "Could you have gone with me, I would have kept it," he wrote. "Would you go with me I would have another ready for you, before you would be ready. I will make no assurance as to my future life. I cannot even guess what may become of me. It may be that I shall come to live on board some ship so that I may be all alone. But with my heart as it is now I cannot bear the references which others make to me about empty pleasures." At the same time he sold his horses, but he said nothing to her as to that.

Gradually he did acknowledge to himself that it was her doom to die early,—almost acknowledged to himself that she was dying. Nevertheless he still thought that it would have been fit that they should be married. "If I knew that she were my own even on her deathbed," he once said to Mrs. Roden, "there would be a comfort to me in it." He was so eager in this that Mrs. Roden was almost convinced. The Quaker was willing that it should be so,—but willing also that it should not be so. He would not even try to persuade his girl as to anything. It was his doom to see her go, and he, having realised that, could not bring himself to use a word in opposition to her word. But Marion herself was sternly determined against the suggestion. It was unfitting, she said, and would be wicked. It was not the meaning of marriage. She could not bring herself to disturb the last thoughts of her life, not

only by the empty assumption of a grand name, but by the sounding of that name in her ears from the eager lips of those around her. "I will be your love to the end," she said, "your own Marion. But I will not be made a Countess, only in order that a vain name may be carved over my grave." "God has provided a bitter cup for your lips, my love," she wrote again, "in having put it into your head to love one whom you must lose so soon. And mine is bitter because yours is bitter. But we cannot rid ourselves of the bitterness by pretences. Would it make your heart light to see me dressed up for a bridal ceremony, knowing, as you would know, that it was all for nothing? My lord, my love, let us take it as God has provided it. It is only because you grieve that I grieve;—for you and my poor father. If you could bring yourself to be reconciled, then it would be so much to me to have had you to love me in my last moments,—to love me and to be loved."

He could not but accept her decision. Her father and Mrs. Roden accepted it, and he was forced to do so also. He acknowledged to himself now that there was no appeal from it. Her very weakness gave her a strength which dominated him. There was an end of all his arguments and his strong phrases. He was aware that they had been of no service to him,—that her soft words had been stronger than all his reasonings. But not on that account did he cease to wish that it might be as he had once wished, since he had first acknowledged to himself his love. "Of course I will not drive her," he said to Mrs. Roden, when that lady urged upon him the propriety of abstaining from a renewal of his request. "Had I any power of driving her, as you say, I would not do so. I think it would be better. That is all. Of course it must be as she shall decide."

"It would be a comfort to her to think that you and she thought alike about all things," said Mrs. Roden.

"There are points on which I cannot alter my convictions even for her comfort," he answered. "She bids me love some other woman. Can I comfort her by doing that? She bids me seek another wife. Can I do that;—or say that I will do it at some future time? It would comfort her to know that I have no wound,—that I am not lame and sick and sore and weary. It would comfort her to know that my heart is not broken. How am I to do that for her?"

"No;—said Mrs. Roden—"no."

"There is no comfort. Her imagination paints for her some future bliss, which shall not be so far away as to be made dim by distance,—in enjoying which we two shall be together, as we are here, with our hands free to grasp each other, and our lips free to kiss;—a heaven, but still a heaven of this world in which we can

hang upon each other's necks and be warm to each other's hearts. That is to be to her the reward of her innocence, and in the ecstasy of her faith she believes in it, as though it were here. I do think,—I do think,—that if I told her that it should be so, that I trusted to renew my gaze upon her beauty after a few short years, then she would be happy entirely. It would be for an eternity, and without the fear of separation."

"Then why not profess as she does?"

"A lie? As I know her truth when she tells me her creed, so would she know my falsehood, and the lie would be vain."

"Is there then to be no future world, Lord Hampstead?"

"Who has said so? Certainly not I. I cannot conceive that I shall perish altogether. I do think that if, while I am here, I can tame the selfishness of self, I shall reach a step upwards in that world which shall come next after this. As to happiness, I do not venture to think much of it. If I can only be somewhat nobler,—somewhat more like the Christ whom we worship,—that will be enough without happiness. If there be truth in His story, He was not happy. Why should I look for happiness,—unless it be when the struggle of many worlds shall have altogether purified my spirit? But thinking like that,—believing like that,—how can I enter into the sweet Epicurean Paradise which that child has prepared for herself?"

"Is it no better than that?"

"What can be better, what can be purer,—if only it be true? And though it be false to me, it may be true to her. It is for my sake that she dreams of her Paradise,—that my wounds may be made whole, that my heart may be cured. Christ's lesson has been so learned by her that no further learning seems necessary. I fancy sometimes that I can see the platform raised just one step above the ground on which I stand,—and look into the higher world to which I am ascending. It may be that it is given to her to look up the one rung of the ladder by mounting which she shall find herself enveloped in the full glory of perfection."

In conversations such as these Mrs. Roden was confounded by the depth of the man's love. It became impossible to bid him not be of a broken heart, or even to allude to those fresh hopes which Time would bring. He spoke to her often of his future life, always speaking of a life from which Marion would have been withdrawn by death, and did so with a cold, passionless assurance which showed her that he had almost resolved as to the future. He would see all lands that were to be seen, and converse with all people. The social condition of God's creatures at large should be his study. The task would be endless, and, as he said, an endless task hardly admits of absolute misery. "If I die there will be an end



of it. If I live till old age shall have made me powerless to carry on my work, time will then probably have done something to dim the feeling." "I think," he said again;—"I feel that could I but remember her as my wife—"

"It is impossible," said Mrs. Roden.

"But if it were so! It would be no more than a thin threadbare cloak over a woman's shivering shoulders. It is not much against the cold; but it would be very cruel to take that little from her." She looked at him with her eyes flooded with tears, but she could only shake her head in sign that it was impossible.

At last, just at the end of July, there came a request that he would go down to Pegwell Bay. "It is so long since we have seen each other," she wrote, "and, perhaps, it is better that you should come than that I should go. The doctor is fidgety, and says so. But my darling will be good to me;—will he not? When I have seen a tear in your eyes, it has gone near to crush me. That a woman, or even a man, should weep at some unexpected tidings of woe is natural. But who cries for spilt milk? Tell me that God's hand, though it be heavy to you, shall be borne with reverence and obedience and love."

He did not tell her this, but he resolved that if possible she should see no tears. As for that cheerfulness, that reconciliation to his fate which she desired, he knew it to be impossible. He almost brought himself to believe as he travelled down to Pegwell Bay that it would be better that they should not meet. To thank the Lord for all His mercies was in her mind. To complain with all the bitterness of his heart of the cruelty with which he was treated was in his. He had told Mrs. Roden that according to his creed there would be a better world to come for him if he could succeed in taming the selfishness of self. But he told himself now that the struggle to do so had hitherto been vain. There had been but the one thing which had ever been to him supremely desirable. He had gone through the years of his early life forming some Utopian ideas,—dreaming of some perfection in politics, in philanthropy, in social reform, and the like,—something by devoting himself to which he could make his life a joy to himself. Then this girl had come across him, and there had suddenly sprung up within him a love so strong that all these other things faded into littlenesses. They should not be discarded. Work would be wanted for his life, and for hers. But here he had found the true salt by which all his work would be vivified and preserved and made holy and happy and glorious. There had come a something to him that was all that he wanted it to be. And now the something was fading from him,—was already all but gone. In such a state how should he tame the selfishness of self? He abandoned the attempt, and told himself that difficulties had been prepared for him greater than any of which he had dreamed when he had hoped that that taming might be within his power. He could not even spare her in his selfishness. He declared to himself that it was so, and almost owned that it would be better that he should not go to her.

"Yes," she said, when he sat down beside her on her sofa, at an open window looking out on the little bay, "put your hand on mine, dear, and leave it there. To have you with me, to feel the little breeze, and to see you and to touch you is absolute happiness."

"Why did you so often tell me not to come?"

"Ah, why? But I know why it was, my lord." There was something half of tenderness, half of pleasantry in the mode of address, and now he had ceased to rebel against it.

"Why should I not come if it be a joy to you?"

"You must not be angry now."

"Certainly not angry."

"We have got through all that,—you and I have for ourselves;—but there is a sort of unseemliness in your coming down here to see a poor Quaker's daughter."

"Marion!"

"But there is. We had got through all that in Paradise Row. Paradise Row had become used to you, and I could bear it. But here— They will all be sure to know who you are."

"Who cares?"

"That Marion Fay should have a lover would of itself make a stir in this little place;—but that she should have a lord for her lover! One doesn't want to be looked at as a miracle."

"The follies of others should not ruffle you and me."

"That's very well, dear;—but what if one is ruffled? But I won't be ruffled, and you shall come. When I thought that I should go again to our own house, then I thought we might perhaps dispense with the ruffling;—that was all."

There was a something in these words which he could not stand,—which he could not bear and repress that tear which, as she had said, would go near to crush her if she saw it. Had she not plainly intimated her conviction that she would never again return to her old home? Here, in this very spot, the doom was to come, and to come quickly. He got up and walked across the room, and stood a little behind her, where she could not see his face.

"Do not leave me," she said. "I told you to stay and let your hand rest on mine." Then he returned, and laying his hand once again upon her lap turned his face away from her. "Bear it," she said. "Bear it." His hand quivered where it lay as he shook his head. "Call upon your courage and bear it."

"I cannot bear it," he said, rising suddenly from his chair, and hurrying out of the room. He went out of the room and from the house, on to the little terrace which ran in front of the sea. But his escape was of no use to him; he could not leave her. He had come out without his hat, and he could not stand there in the sun to be stared at. "I am a coward," he said, going back to her and resuming his chair. "I own it. Let there be no more said about it. When a trouble comes to me, it conquers me. Little troubles I think I could bear. If it had been all else in all the world,—if it had been my life before my life was your life, I think that no one would have seen me blench. But now I find that when I am really tried, I fail."

"It is in God's hands, dearest."

"Yes;—it is in God's hands. There is some power, no doubt, that makes you strong in spirit, but frail in body; while I am strong to live but weak of heart. But how will that help me?"

"Oh, Lord Hampstead, I do so wish you had never seen me."

"You should not say that, Marion; you shall not think it. I am ungrateful; because, were it given me to have it all back again, I would not sell what I have had of you, though the possession has been so limited, for all other imaginable treasures. I will bear it. Oh, my love, I will bear it. Do not say again that you wish you had not seen me."

"For myself, dear,—for myself—"

"Do not say it for me. I will struggle to make a joy of it, a joy in some degree, though my heart bleeds at the widowhood that is coming on it. I will build up for myself a memory in which there shall be much to satisfy me. I shall have been loved by her to have possessed whose love has been and shall be a glory to me."

"Loved indeed, my darling."

"Though there might have been such a heaven of joy, even that shall be counted as much. It shall be to me during my future life as though when wandering through the green fields in some long-past day, I had met a bright angel from another world; and the angel had stopped to speak to me, and had surrounded me with her glorious wings, and had given me of her heavenly light, and had spoken to me with the music of the spheres, and I had thought that she would stay with me for ever. But there had come a noise of the drums and a sound of the trumpets, and she had flown away from me up to her own abode. To have been so favoured, though it had been but

for an hour, should suffice for a man's life. I will bear it, though it be in solitude."

"No, darling; not in solitude."

"It will be best so for me. The light and the music and the azure of the wings will so remain with me the purer and the brighter. Oh,—if it had been! But I will bear it. No ear shall again hear a sound of complaint. Not yours even, my darling, my own, mine for so short a time, but yet my very own for ever and ever." Then he fell on his knees beside her, and hid his face in her dress, while the fingers of both her hands rambled through his hair. "You are going," he said, when he rose up to his feet, "you are going whither I cannot go."

"You will come; you will come to me."

"You are going now, now soon, and I doubt not that you are going to joys inexpressible. I cannot go till some chance may take me. If it be given to you in that further world to see those and to think of those whom you have left below, then, if my heart be true to your heart, keep your heart true to mine. If I can fancy that, if I can believe that it is so, then shall I have that angel with me, and though my eyes may not see the tints, my ears will hear the music;—and though the glory be not palpable as is the light of heaven, there will be an inner glory in which my soul will be sanctified." After that there were not many words spoken between them, though he remained there till he was disturbed by the Quaker's coming. Part of the time she slept with her hand in his, and when awake she was contented to feel his touch as he folded the scarf close round her neck and straightened the shawl which lay across her feet, and now and again stroked her hair and put it back behind her ears as it strayed upon her forehead. Ever and again she would murmur a word or two of love as she revelled in the perception of his solicitude. What was there for her to regret, for her to whom was given the luxury of such love? Was not a month of it more than a whole life without it? Then, when the father came, Hampstead took his leave. As he kissed her lips, something seemed to tell him that it would be for the last time. It was not good, the Quaker had said, that she should be disturbed. Yes; he could come again; but not quite yet.

At the very moment when the Quaker so spoke she was pressing her lips to his. "God keep you and take you, my darling," she whispered to him, "and bring you to me in heaven." She noticed not at all at the moment the warm tears that were running on to her own face; nor did the Quaker seem to notice it when Lord Hampstead left the house without saying to him a word of farewell.

## CHAPTER LX.

### LADY AMALDINA'S WEDDING

THE time came round for Lady Amaldina's marriage, than which nothing more august, nothing more aristocratic, nothing more truly savouring of the hymeneal altar, had ever been known or was ever to be known in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square. For it was at last decided that the marriage should take place in London before any of the aristocratic assistants at the ceremony should have been whirled away into autumnal spaces. Lord Llwyddithw himself knew but very little about it,—except this, that nothing would induce him so to hurry on the ceremony as to interfere with his Parliamentary duties. A day in August had been mentioned in special reference to Parliament. He was willing to abide by that, or to go to the sacrifice at any earlier day of which Parliament would admit. Parliament was to sit for the last time on Wednesday, 12th August, and the marriage was fixed for the 13th. Lady Amaldina had prayed for the concession of a week. Readers will not imagine that she based her prayers on the impatience of love. Nor could a week be of much significance in reference to that protracted and dangerous delay to which the match had certainly been subjected. But the bevy might escape. How were twenty young ladies to be kept together in the month of August when all the young men were rushing off to Scotland? Others were not wedded to their duties as was Lord Llwyddithw. Lady Amaldina knew well how completely Parliament became a mere affair of Governmental necessities during the first weeks of August. "I should have thought that just on this one occasion you might have managed it," she said to him, trying to mingle a tone of love with the sarcasm which at such a crisis was natural to her. He simply reminded her of the promise which he had made to her in the spring. He thought it best not to break through arrangements which had been fixed. When she told him of one very slippery member of the bevy,—slippery, not as to character, but in reference to the movements of her family,—he suggested that no one would know the difference if only nineteen were to be clustered round the bride's train. "Don't you know that they must be in pairs?" "Will not nine pairs suffice?" he asked. "And thus make one of them an enemy for ever by telling her that I wish to dispense with her services!"

But it was of no use. "Dispense with them altogether," he said, looking her full in the face. "The twenty will not quarrel with you. My object is to marry you, and I don't care twopence for the bridesmaids." There was something so near to a compliment in this, that she was obliged to accept it. And she had, too, begun to perceive that Lord Llwyddithw was a man not easily made to change his mind. She was quite prepared for this in reference to her future life. A woman, she thought, might be saved much trouble by having a husband whom she was bound to obey. But in this matter of her marriage ceremony,—this last affair in which she might be presumed to act as a free woman,—she did think it hard that she might not be allowed to have her own way. The bridegroom, however, was firm. If Thursday, the 13th, did not suit her, he would be quite ready on Thursday, the 20th. "There wouldn't be one of them left in London," said Lady Amaldina. "What on earth do you think that they are to do with themselves?"

But all the bevy were true to her. Lady Amelia Beaudesert was a difficulty. Her mother insisted on going to a far-away Bavarian lake on which she had a villa;—but Lady Amelia at the last moment surrendered the villa rather than break up the bevy, and consented to remain with a grumpy old aunt in Essex till an opportunity should offer. It may be presumed, therefore, that it was taken to be a great thing to be one of the bevy. It is, no doubt, a pleasant thing for a girl to have it asserted in all the newspapers that she is, by acknowledgment, one of the twenty most beautiful unmarried ladies in Great Britain.

Lady Frances was of course one of the bevy. But there was a member of the family,—a connection rather,—whom no eloquence could induce to show himself either in the church or at the breakfast. This was Lord Hampstead. His sister came to him and assured him that he ought to be there. "Sorrows," she said, "that have declared themselves before the world are held as sufficient excuse; but a man should not be hindered from his duties by secret grief."

"I make no secret of it. I do not talk about my private affairs. I do not send a town-crier to Charing Cross to tell the passers-by that I am in trouble. But I care not whether men know or not that I am unfitted for joining in such festivities. My presence is not wanted for their marriage."

"It will be odd."

"Let it be odd. I most certainly shall not be there." But he remembered the occasion, and showed that he did so by sending to the bride the handsomest of all the gems which graced her exhibition of presents, short of the tremendous set of diamonds which had come from the Duke of Merioneth.

This collection was supposed to be the most gorgeous thing that had ever as yet been arranged in London. It would certainly not

be too much to say that the wealth of precious toys brought together would, if sold at its cost price, have made an ample fortune for a young newly-married couple. The families were noble and wealthy, and the richness of the wedding presents was natural. It might perhaps have been better had not the value of the whole been stated in one of the newspapers of the day. Who was responsible for the valuation was never known, but it seemed to indicate that the costliness of the gifts was more thought of than the affection of the givers; and it was undoubtedly true that, in high circles and among the clubs, the cost of the collection was much discussed. The diamonds were known to a stone, and Hampstead's rubies were spoken of almost as freely as though they were being exhibited in public. Lord Llwyddithw when he heard of all this muttered to his maiden sister a wish that a gnome would come in the night and run away with everything. He felt himself degraded by the publicity given to his future wife's ornaments. But the gnome did not come, and the young men from Messrs. Bijou and Carcanet were allowed to arrange the tables and shelves for the exhibition.

The breakfast was to take place at the Foreign Office, at which the bride's father was for the time being the chief occupant. Lord Persiflage had not at first been willing that it should be so, thinking that his own more modest house might suffice for the marriage of his own daughter. But grander counsels had been allowed to prevail. With whom the idea first arose Lord Persiflage never knew. It might probably have been with some of the bevy, who had felt that an ordinary drawing-room would hardly suffice for so magnificent an array of toilets. Perhaps the thought had first occurred to Messrs. Bijou and Carcanet, who had foreseen the glory of spreading out all that wealth in the magnificent saloon intended for the welcoming of ambassadors. But it travelled from Lady Amaldina to her mother, and was passed on from Lady Persiflage to her husband. "Of course the Ambassadors will all be there," the Countess had said, "and, therefore, it will be a public occasion." "I wish we could be married at Llanfihangel," Lord Llwyddithw said to his bride. Now Llanfihangel church was a very small edifice, with a thatched roof, among the mountains in North Wales, with which Lady Amaldina had been made acquainted when visiting the Duchess, her future mother-in-law. But Llwyddithw was not to have his way in everything, and the preparations at the Foreign Office were continued.

The beautifully embossed invitations were sent about among a large circle of noble and aristocratic friends. All the Ambassadors and all the Ministers, with all their wives and daughters, were, of course, asked. As the breakfast was to be given in the great Banqueting Hall at the Foreign Office it was necessary that the guests should be many. It is sometimes well in a matter of festivals to be saved from extravagance by the modest size of one's rooms. Lord Persiflage told his wife that his daughter's marriage would ruin him. In answer to this she reminded him that Llwyddithw had asked for no fortune. Lord Llwyddithw was one of those men who prefer giving to taking. He had a feeling that a husband should supply all that was wanted, and that a wife should owe everything to the man she marries. The feeling is uncommon just at present—except with the millions who neither have nor expect other money than what they earn. If you are told that the daughter of an old man who has earned his own bread is about to marry a young man in the same condition of life, it is spoken of as a misfortune. But Lord Llwyddithw was old-fashioned, and had the means of acting in accordance with his prejudices. Let the marriage be ever so gorgeous, it would not cost the dowry which an Earl's daughter might have expected. That was the argument used by Lady Persiflage, and it seemed to have been effectual.

As the day drew near it was observed that the bridegroom became more sombre and silent even than usual. He never left the House of Commons as long as it was open to him as a refuge. His Saturdays and his Sundays and his Wednesdays he filled up with work so various and unceasing that there was no time left for those pretty little attentions which a girl about to be married naturally expects. He did call, perhaps, every other day at his bride's house, but never remained there above two minutes. "I am afraid he is not happy," the Countess said to her daughter.

"Oh, yes, mamma, he is."

"Then why does he go on like that?"

"Oh, mamma, you do not know him."

"Do you?"

"I think so. My belief is that there isn't a man in London so anxious to be married as Llwyddithw."

"I am glad of that."

"He has lost so much time that he knows it ought to be got through and done with without further delay. If he could only go to sleep and wake up a married man of three months' standing, he would be quite happy. If it could be administered under chloroform it would be so much better! It is the doing of the thing, and the being talked about and looked at, that is so odious to him."

"Then why not have had it done quietly, my dear?"

"Because there are follies, mamma, to which a woman should never give way. I will not have myself made humdrum. If I had been going to marry a handsome young man so as to have a spice of romance out of it all, I would have cared nothing about the bridesmaids and the presents. The man then would have stood for everything. Llwyddithw is not young, and is not handsome."

"But he is thoroughly noble."

"Quite so. He's as good as gold. He will always be somebody in people's eyes because he's great and grand and trustworthy all round. But I want to be somebody in people's eyes, too, mamma. I'm all very well to look at, but nothing particular. I'm papa's daughter, which is something,—but not enough. I mean to begin and be magnificent. He understands it all, and I don't think he'll oppose me when once this exhibition day is over. I've thought all about it, and I think that I know what I'm doing."

At any rate, she had her way, and thoroughly enjoyed the task she had on hand. When she had talked of a possible romance with a handsome young lover she had not quite known herself. She might have made the attempt, but it would have been a failure. She could fall in love with a Master of Ravenswood in a novel, but would have given herself by preference,—after due consideration,—to the richer, though less poetical, suitor. Of good sterling gifts she did know the value, and was therefore contented with her lot. But this business of being married, with all the most extravagant appurtenances of the hymeneal altar, was to her taste.

That picture in one of the illustrated papers which professed to give the hymeneal altar at St. George's, with the Bishop and the Dean and two Queen's Chaplains officiating, and the bride and the bridegroom in all their glory, with a Royal Duke and a Royal Duchess looking on, with all the Stars and all the Garters from our own and other Courts, and especially with the bevy of twenty, standing in ten distinct pairs, and each from a portrait, was manifestly a work of the imagination. I was there, and to tell the truth, it was rather a huddled matter. The spaces did not seem to admit of majestic grouping, and as three of these chief personages had the gout, the sticks of these lame gentlemen were to my eyes very conspicuous. The bevy had not room enough, and the ladies in the crush seemed to feel the intense heat. Something had made the Bishop cross. I am told that Lady Amaldina had determined not to be hurried, while the Bishop was due at an afternoon meeting at three. The artist, in creating the special work of art, had soared boldly into the ideal. In depicting the buffet of presents and the bridal feast, he may perhaps have been more accurate. I was not myself present. The youthful appearance of the



bridegroom as he rose to make his speech may probably be attributed to a poetic license, permissible, nay laudable, nay necessary on such an occasion. The buffet of presents no doubt was all there; though it may be doubted whether the contributions from Royalty were in truth so conspicuous as they were made to appear. There were speeches spoken by two or three Foreign Ministers, and one by the bride's father. But the speech which has created most remark was from the bridegroom. "I hope we may be as happy as your kind wishes would have us," said he;—and then he sat down. It was declared afterwards that these were the only words which passed his lips on the occasion. To those who congratulated him he merely gave his hand and bowed, and yet he looked to be neither fluttered nor ill at ease. We know how a brave man will sit and have his tooth taken out, without a sign of pain on his brow,—trusting to the relief which is to come to him. So it was with Lord Llwddylthw. It might, perhaps, have saved pain if, as Lady Amaldina had said, chloroform could have been used.

"Well, my dear, it is done at last," Lady Persiflage said to her daughter, when the bride was taken into some chamber for the readjustment of her dress.

"Yes, mamma, it is done now."

"And are you happy?"

"Certainly I am. I have got what I wanted."

"And you can love him?" Coming from Lady Persiflage this did seem to be romantic; but she had been stirred up to some serious thoughts as she remembered that she was now surrendering to a husband the girl whom she had made, whom she had tutored, whom she had prepared either for the good or for the evil performance of the duties of life.

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Lady Amaldina. It is so often the case that the pupils are able to exceed the teaching of their tutors! It was so in this case. The mother, as she saw her girl given up to a silent middle-aged unattractive man, had her misgivings; but not so the daughter herself. She had looked at it all round, and had resolved that she could do her duty—under certain stipulations which she thought would be accorded to her. "He has more to say for himself than you think;—only he won't trouble himself to make assertions. And if he is not very much in love, he likes me better than anybody else, which goes a long way." Her mother blessed her, and led her away into a room where she joined her husband in order that she might be then taken down to the carriage.

The bride herself had not quite understood what was to take place, and was surprised to find herself quite alone for a moment with her husband. "My wife," he said; "now kiss me."

She ran into his arms and put up her face to him. "I thought you were going to forget that," she said, as he held her for a moment with his arm round her waist.

"I could not dare," he said, "to handle all that gorgeous drapery of lace. You were dressed up then for an exhibition. You look now as my wife ought to look."

"It had to be done, Llwddylthw."

"I make no complaint, dearest. I only say that I like you better as you are, as a girl to kiss, and to embrace, and to talk to, and to make my own." Then she curtsied to him prettily, and kissed him again; and after that they walked out arm-in-arm down to the carriage.

There were many carriages drawn up within the quadrangle of which the Foreign Office forms a part, but the carriage which was to take the bride and the bridegroom away was allowed a door to itself,—at any rate till such time as they should have been taken away. An effort had been made to keep the public out of the quadrangle; but as the duties of the four Secretaries of State could not be suspended, and as the great gates are supposed to make a public thoroughfare, this could only be done to a certain extent. The crowd, no doubt, was thicker out in Downing Street, but there were very many standing within the square. Among these there was one, beautifully arrayed in frock coat and yellow gloves, almost as though he himself was prepared for his own wedding. When Lord Llwddylthw brought Lady Amaldina out from the building and handed her into the carriage, and when the husband and wife had seated themselves, the well-dressed individual raised his hat from his head, and greeted them. "Long life and happiness to the bride of Castle Hautboy!" said he at the top of his voice. Lady Amaldina could not but see the man, and, recognising him, she bowed.

It was Crocker,—the irrepressible Crocker. He had been also in the church. The narrator and he had managed to find standing room in a back pew under one of the galleries. Now would he be able to say with perfect truth that he had been at the wedding, and had received a parting salute from the bride; whom he had known through so many years of her infancy. He probably did believe that he was entitled to count the future Duchess of Merioneth among his intimate friends.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### CROCKER'S TALE

A THING difficult to get is the thing mostly prized, not the thing that is valuable. Two or three additional Kimberley mines found somewhere among the otherwise uninteresting plains of South Africa would bring down the price of diamonds amazingly. It could hardly have been the beauty, or the wit, or the accomplishments of Clara Demijohn which caused Mr. Tribbledale to triumph so loudly and with so genuine an exultation, telling all Broad Street of his success, when he had succeeded in winning the bride who had once promised herself to Crocker. Were it not that she had all slipped through his fingers he would never surely have thought her to be worthy of such a pean. Had she come to his first whistle he might have been contented enough,—as are other ordinary young men with their ordinary young women. He would probably have risen to no enthusiasm of passion. But as things had gone he was as another Paris who had torn a Helen from her Menelaus,—only in this case an honest Paris, with a correct Helen, and from a Menelaus who had not as yet made good his claim. But the subject was worthy of another Iliad, to be followed by another Æneid. By his bow and his spear he had torn her from the arms of a usurping lover, and now made her all his own. Another man would have fainted, and abandoned the contest, when rejected as he had been. But he had continued the fight, even when lying low on the dust of the arena. He had nailed his flag to the mast when all his rigging had been cut away;—and at last he had won the battle. Of course his Clara was doubly dear to him, having been made his own after such difficulties as these.

"I'm not one of those who easily give way in an affair of the heart," he said to Mr. Littlebird, the junior partner in the firm, when he told that gentleman of his engagement.

"So I perceive, Mr. Tribbledale."

"When a man has set his affection on a young lady,—that is his real affection,—he ought to stick to it,—or die." Mr. Littlebird, who was the happy father of three or four married and marriageable daughters, opened his eyes with surprise. The young men who had come after his young ladies had been pressing enough, but they had not died. "Or die!" repeated Tribbledale. "It is what I should have done. Had she become Mrs. Crocker, I should never again have been seen in the Court."—"the Court" was the little alley in which Pogson and Littlebird's office was held,—unless they had brought my dead body here to be identified." He was quite successful in his enthusiasm. Though Mr. Littlebird laughed when he told the story to Mr. Pogson, not the less did they agree to raise his salary to 160*l.* on and from the day of his marriage.

"Yes, Mr. Fay," he said to the poor old Quaker, who had lately

been so broken by his sorrow as hardly to be as much master of Tribbledale as he used to be, "I have no doubt I shall be steady now. If anything can make a young man steady it is—success in love."

"I hope thou wilt be happy, Mr. Tribbledale."

"I shall be happy enough now. My heart will be more in the business,—what there isn't of it at any rate with that dear creature in our mutual home at Islington. It was lucky about his having taken those lodgings, because Clara had got as it were used to them. And there are one or two things, such as a clock and the like, which need not be moved. If anything ever should happen to you, Mr. Fay, Pogson and Littlebird will find me quite up to the business."

"Something will happen some day, no doubt," said the Quaker.

On one occasion Lord Hampstead was in the Court having a word to say to Marion's father, or, perhaps, a word to hear. "I'm sure you'll excuse me, my lord," said Tribbledale, following him out of the office.

"Oh, yes," said Hampstead, with a smile,—for he had been there often enough to have made some acquaintance with the junior clerk. "If there be anything I can do for you, I will do it willingly."

"Only just to congratulate me, my lord. You have heard of—Crocker?" Lord Hampstead owned that he had heard of Crocker. "He has been interfering with me in the tenderest of parts."

Lord Hampstead looked serious. "There is a young woman"—the poor victim frowned, he knew not why; but remitted his frown and smiled again; "who had promised herself to me. Then that rude assailant came and upset all my joy." Here, as the narrator paused, Lord Hampstead owned to himself that he could not deny the truth of the description. "Perhaps," continued Tribbledale,—perhaps you have seen Clara Demijohn." Lord Hampstead could not remember having been so fortunate. "Because I am aware that your steps have wandered in the way of Paradise Row." Then there came the frown again,—and then the smile.

"Well;—perhaps it may be that a more perfect form of feminine beauty may be ascribed to another." This was intended as a compliment, more civil than true, paid to Marion Fay on Lord Hampstead's behalf. "But for a combination of chastity and tenderness I don't think you can easily beat Clara Demijohn." Lord Hampstead bowed, as showing his readiness to believe such a statement coming from so good a judge. "For awhile the interloper prevailed. Interlopers do prevail;—such is the female heart. But the true rock shows itself always at last. She is the true rock on which I have built the castle of my happiness."

"Then I may congratulate you, Mr. Tribbledale."

"Yes;—and not only that, my lord. But Crocker is nowhere. You must own that there is a triumph in that. There was a time! Oh! how I felt it. There was a time when he triumphed; when he talked of 'my Clara,' as though I hadn't a chance. He's up a tree now, my lord. I thought I'd just tell you as you are so friendly, coming among us, here, my lord!" Lord Hampstead again congratulated him, and expressed a hope that he might be allowed to send the bride a small present.

"Oh, my lord," said Tribbledale, "it shall go with the clock and the harmonium, and shall be the proudest moment of my life."

When Miss Demijohn heard that the salary of Pogson and Littlebird's clerk,—she called it "Dan's screw" in speaking of the matter to her aunt,—had been raised to 160*l.* per annum, she felt that there could be no excuse for a further change. Up to that moment it had seemed to her that Tribbledale had obtained his triumph by a deceit which it still might be her duty to frustrate. He had declared positively that those fatal words had been actually written in the book, "Dismissal, B. B." But she had learned that the words had not been written as yet. All is fair in love and war. She was not in the least angry with Tribbledale because of his little ruse. A lie told in such a cause was a merit. But not on that account need she be led away by it from her own most advantageous course. In spite of the little quarrel which had sprung up between herself and Crocker, Crocker, still belonging to Her Majesty's Civil Service, must be better than Tribbledale. But when she found that Tribbledale's statement as to the 160*l.* was true, and when she bethought herself that Crocker would probably be dismissed sooner or later, then she determined to be firm. As to the 160*l.*, old Mrs. Demijohn herself went to the office, and learned the truth from Zachary Fay. "I think he is a good young man," said the Quaker, "and he will do very well if he will cease to think quite so much of himself." To this Mrs. Demijohn remarked that half-a-dozen babies might probably cure that fault.

So the matter was settled, and it came to pass that Daniel Tribbledale and Clara Demijohn were married at Holloway on that very Thursday which saw completed the alliance which had been so long arranged between the noble houses of Powell and De Hauteville. There were two letters written on the occasion which shall be given here as showing the willingness to forget and forgive which marked the characters of the two persons. A day or two before the marriage the following invitation was sent;—

"DEAR SAM,—

"I hope you will quite forget what is past, at any rate what was unpleasant, and come to our wedding on Thursday. There is to be a little breakfast here afterwards, and I am sure that Dan will be very happy to shake your hand. I have asked him, and he says that as he is to be the bridegroom he would be proud to have you as best man.

"Your old sincere friend,

"CLARA DEMIJOHN,—for the present."

The answer was as follows;—

"DEAR CLARA,—

"There's no malice in me. Since our little tiff I have been thinking that, after all, I'm not the man for matrimony. To sip the honey from many flowers is, perhaps, after all my line of life. I should have been happy to be Dan Tribbledale's bottle-holder, but that there is another affair coming off which I must attend. Our Lady Amaldina is to be married, and I must be there. Our families have been connected, as you know, for a great many years, and I could not forgive myself if I did not see her turned off. No other consideration would have prevented me from accepting your very kind invitation.

"Your loving old friend,

"SAM CROCKER."

There did come a pang of regret across Clara's heart as she read this, as to the connection of the families. Of course Crocker was lying. Of course it was an empty boast. But there was a savour of aristocracy even in the capability of telling such a lie. Had she made Crocker her husband she also would have been able to drag Castle Hautboy into her daily conversations with Mrs. Duffer.

At the time of these weddings, the month of August, Æolus had not even yet come to a positive and actual decision as to Crocker's fate. Crocker had been suspended;—by which act he had been temporarily expelled from the office, so that his time was all his own to do what he pleased with it. Whether when suspended he would receive his salary, no one knew as a certainty. The presumption was that a man suspended would be dismissed,—unless he could succeed in explaining away or diminishing the sin of which he had been supposed to be guilty. Æolus himself could suspend, but it required an act on the part of the senior officer to dismiss,—or even to deprive the sinner of any part of his official emoluments. There had been no explanation possible. No diminishing of the sin had

been attempted. It was acknowledged on all sides that Crocker had,—as Miss Demijohn properly described it,—destroyed Her Majesty's mail papers. In order that unpardonable delay and idleness might not be traced home to him, he had torn into fragments a bundle of official documents. His character was so well known that no one doubted his dismissal. Mr. Jerningham had spoken of it as a thing accomplished. Bobbin and Geraghty had been congratulated on their rise in the department. "Dismissal, B. B.," had been recorded, if not in any official book, at any rate in all official minds. But B. B. himself had as yet decided nothing. When Crocker attended Lady Amaldina's wedding in his best coat and gloves he was still under suspension; but trusting to the conviction that after so long a reprieve capital punishment would not be carried out.

Sir Boreas Bodkin had shoved the papers on one side, and, since that, nothing further had been said on the matter. Weeks had passed, but no decision had been made public. Sir Boreas was a man whom the subordinates nearest to him did not like to remind as to any such duty as this. When a case was "shoved on one side" it was known to be something unpalatable. And yet, as Mr. Jerningham whispered to George Roden, it was a thing that ought to be settled. "He can't come back, you know," he said.

"I dare say he will," said Roden.

"Impossible! I look upon it as impossible!" This Mr. Jerningham said very seriously.

"There are some people, you know," rejoined the other, "whose bark is so much worse than their bite."

"I know there are, Mr. Roden, and Sir Boreas is perhaps one of them; but there are cases in which to pardon the thing done seems to be perfectly impossible. This is one of them. If papers are to be destroyed with impunity, what is to become of the Department? I for one should not know how to go on with my duties. Tearing up papers! Good Heavens! When I think of it I doubt whether I am standing on my head or my heels."

This was very strong language for Mr. Jerningham, who was not accustomed to find fault with the proceedings of his superiors. He went about the office all these weeks with a visage of woe and the air of a man conscious that some great evil was at hand. Sir Boreas had observed it, and knew well why that visage was so long. Nevertheless when his eyes fell on that bundle of papers,—on the Crocker bundle of papers,—he only pushed it a little further out of sight than it was before.

Who does not know how odious a letter will become by being shoved on one side day after day? Answer it at the moment, and it will be nothing. Put it away unread, or at least undigested, for a day, and it at once begins to assume ugly proportions. When you have been weak enough to let it lie on your desk, or worse again, hidden in your breast-pocket for a week or ten days, it will have become an enemy so strong and so odious that you will not dare to attack it. It throws a gloom over all your joys. It makes you cross to your wife, severe to the cook, and critical to your own wine-cellar. It becomes the Black Care which sits behind you when you go out a riding. You have neglected a duty, and have put yourself in the power of perhaps some vulgar snarler. You think of destroying it and denying it, dishonestly and falsely,—as Crocker did the mail papers. And yet you must bear yourself all the time as though there were no load lying near your heart. So it was with our Æolus and the Crocker papers. The papers had become a great bundle. The unfortunate man had been called upon for an explanation, and had written a blundering long letter on a huge sheet of foolscap paper,—which Sir Boreas had not read, and did not mean to read. Large fragments of the torn "mail papers" had been found, and were all there. Mr. Jerningham had written a well-worded lengthy report,—which never certainly would be read. There were former documents in which the existence of the papers had been denied. Altogether the bundle was big and unholy and distasteful. Those who knew our Æolus well were sure that he would never even undo the tape by which the bundle was tied. But something must be done. One month's pay-day had already passed since the suspension, and the next was at hand. "Can anything be settled about Mr. Crocker?" asked Mr. Jerningham, one day about the end of August. Sir Boreas had already sent his family to a little place he had in the West of Ireland, and was postponing his holiday because of this horrid matter. Mr. Jerningham could never go away till Æolus went. Sir Boreas knew all this, and was thoroughly ashamed of himself. "Just speak to me about it to-morrow and we'll settle the matter," he said, in his blandest voice. Mr. Jerningham retreated from the room frowning. According to his thinking there ought to be nothing to settle. "D—the fellow," said Sir Boreas, as soon as the door was closed; and he gave the papers another shove which sent them off the huge table on to the floor. Whether it was Mr. Jerningham or Crocker who was damned, he hardly knew himself. Then he was forced to stoop to the humility of picking up the bundle.

That afternoon he roused himself. About three o'clock he sent, not for Mr. Jerningham, but for the Duca. When Roden entered the room the bundle was before him, but not opened. "Can you send for this man and get him here to-day?" he asked. The Duca promised that he would do his best. "I can't bring myself to recommend his dismissal," he said. The Duca only smiled. "The poor fellow is just going to be married, you know." The Duca smiled again. Living in Paradise Row himself, he knew that the lady, *née* Clara Demijohn, was already the happy wife of Mr. Tribbledale. But he knew also that after so long an interval Crocker could not well be dismissed, and he was not ill-natured enough to rob his chief of so good an excuse. He left the room therefore, declaring that he would cause Crocker to be summoned immediately.

Crocker was summoned, and came. Had Sir Boreas made up his mind briefly to dismiss the man, or briefly to forgive him, the interview would have been unnecessary. As things now were the man could not certainly be dismissed. Sir Boreas was aware of that. Nor could he be pardoned without further notice. Crocker entered the room with that mingling of the bully and the coward in his appearance which is generally the result when a man who is over-awed attempts to show that he is not afraid. Sir Boreas passed his fingers through the hair on each side of his head, frowned hard, and, blowing through his nostrils, became at once the Æolus that he had been named;

Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

"Mr. Crocker," said the god, laying his hand on the bundle of papers still tied up in a lump. Then he paused, and blew the wrath out of his nostrils.

"Sir Boreas, no one can be more sorry for an accident than I am for that."

"An accident!"

"Well, Sir Boreas; I am afraid I shall not make you understand it all."

"I don't think you will."

"The first paper I did tear up by accident, thinking it was something done with."

"Then you thought you might as well send the others after it."

"One or two were torn by accident. Then—"

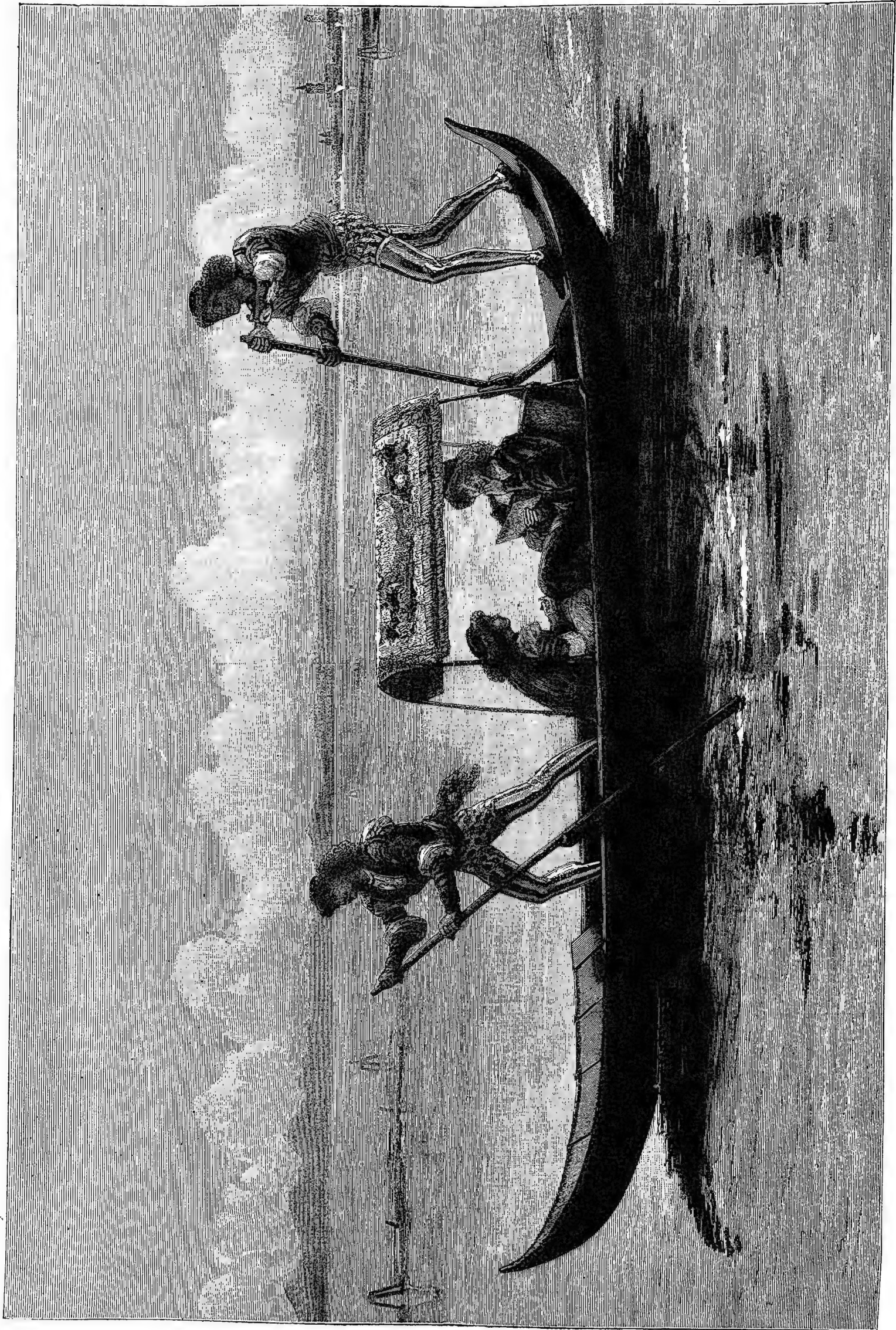
"Well!"

"I hope you'll look it over this time, Sir Boreas."

"I have done nothing but look it over, as you call it, since you

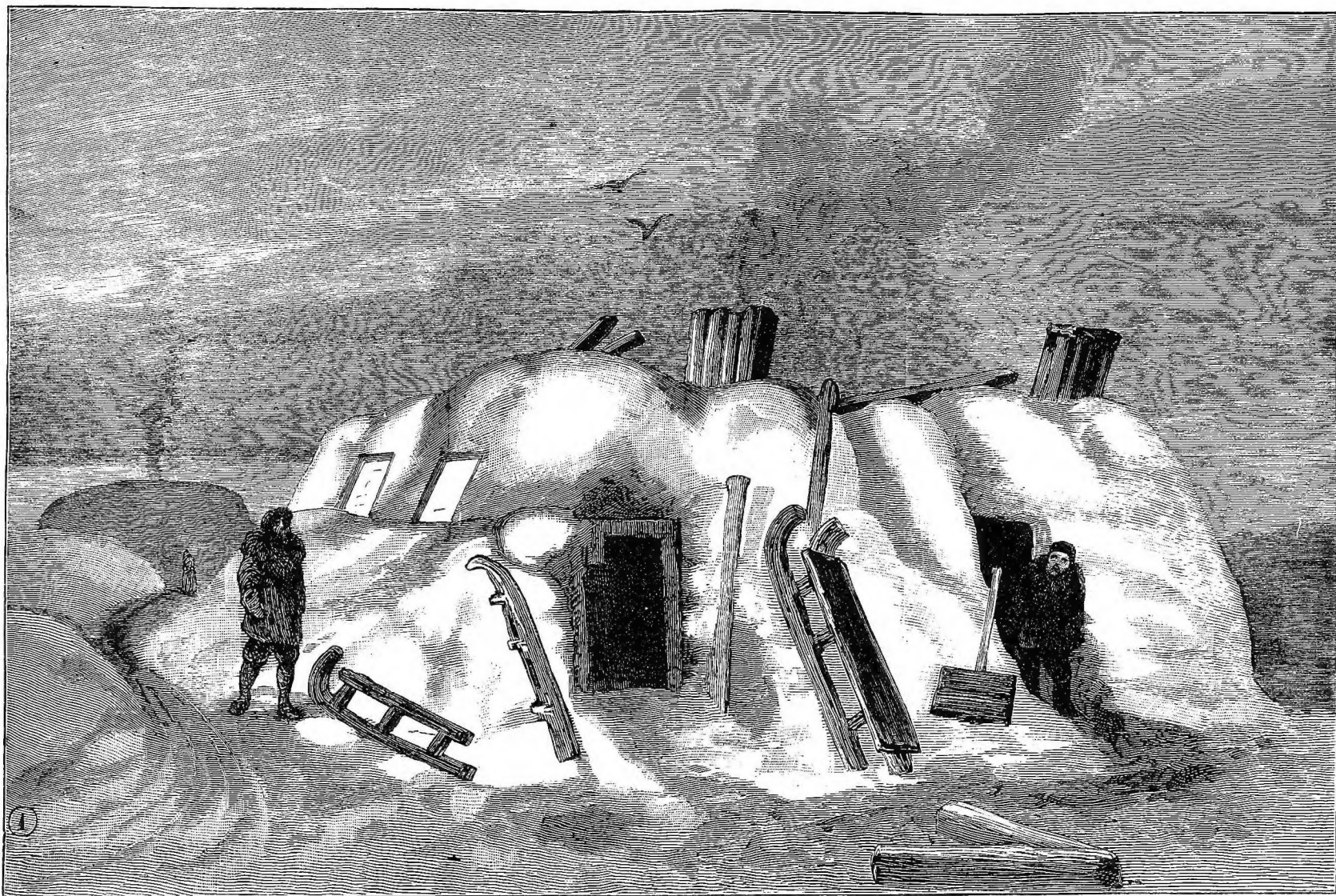
(Continued on page 542)





"PORTIA AND NERISSA ON THE MORNING OF THE TRIAL"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. WALLIS, EXHIBITED IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS





SIBERIAN CONVICT HUT—EXTERIOR



SIBERIAN CONVICT HUT—INTERIOR

THE SURVIVORS OF THE "JEANNETTE" IN SIBERIA  
FROM SKETCHES IN THE POSSESSION OF LIEUT. DANENHOWER



came into the Department. You've been a disgrace to the office. You're of no use whatsoever. You give more trouble than all the other clerks put together. I'm sick of hearing your name."

"If you'll try me again I'll turn over a new leaf, Sir Boreas."

"I don't believe it for a moment. They tell me you're just going to be married." Crocker was silent. Could he be expected to cut the ground from under his own feet at such a moment? "For the young lady's sake, I don't like turning you adrift on the world at such a time. I only wish that she had a more secure basis for her happiness."

"She'll be all right," said Crocker. He will probably be thought to have been justified in carrying on the delusion at such a crisis of his life.

"But you must take my assurance of this," said Aolus, looking more like the god of storms, "that no wife or baby,—no joy or trouble,—shall save you again if you again deserve dismissal." Crocker with his most affable smile thanked Sir Boreas and withdrew. It was said afterwards that Sir Boreas had seen and read that smile on Roden's face, had put two and two together in regard to him, and had become sure that there was to be no marriage. But, had he lost that excuse, where should he find another?

(To be concluded in our next)

### CHURCH NEWS

**THE BISHOPRIC OF NEWCASTLE.**—The *London Gazette* contains an Order in Council founding the new Diocese of Newcastle, which is to consist of the county of Northumberland and the towns of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Berwick-on-Tweed. The Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, is to be the Cathedral Church, and the Bishop (who has not yet been appointed), is to be subject to the metropolitan jurisdiction of the Archbishop of York.

**THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.**—On Thursday last week the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland began its sittings in Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of North Leith, being elected as Moderator. The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland did not meet until Thursday last, this being the first occasion on which the Established and Free Church Assemblies have not met on the same day.

**THE BORDELEY RITUAL CASE.**—The House of Lords has dismissed Mr. Enraght's appeal against the refusal of the Court of Appeal to grant a prohibition restraining Lord Penzance from proceeding further with the case. The litigation has been pending since 1879, and, although the original promoter of the suit has withdrawn, it would be rash to expect that it will come to an end just yet.

THE MAY MEETINGS are now drawing towards a close. Amongst those held during the week are the Ragged Church and Chapel Union; the Peace Society; the Aged Pilgrims' Friendly Society; the London Temperance Hospital; the Evangelical Continental Society; the Field Lane Ragged School; the Society of Friends; the Aborigines Protection Society; the Irish Evangelical Society; the Congregational Home Mission; the East London Protestant Defence Association; the Infant Orphan Asylum; the East London Hospital for Children; the British Women's Temperance Society; and the Sailors' Home Society.

THE SALVATION ARMY continues triumphantly active. On Monday a series of large and enthusiastic meetings was held at Exeter Hall, at which "General" Booth and his wife and daughter, with a number of other speakers, were present, and it was announced that Earl Cairns would preside at a future meeting. At Portsmouth, where the Salvation Army have already two large meeting-houses, negotiations are being made for the erection of a new building, at the cost of about 5,000*l*.

THE POOR CLERGY RELIEF CORPORATION. — Mrs. Pratt Barlow's annual sale in aid of this fund which was held at the Town Hall, Kensington, on Thursday and Friday (yesterday), was opened by the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED AT PRICES HITHERTO CHARGED THE TRADE, SAVING PURCHASERS THE INTERMEDIATE PROFIT of from 25 to 50 Per Cent.

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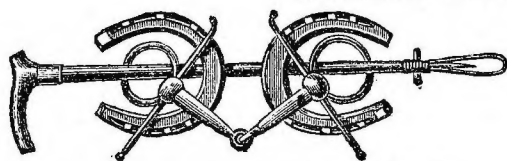
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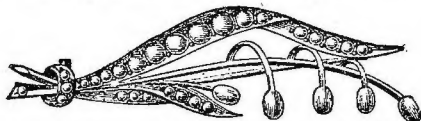
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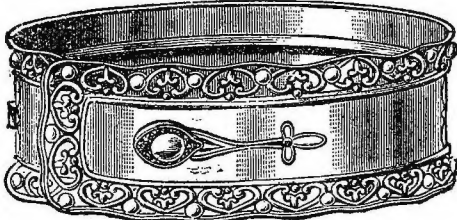
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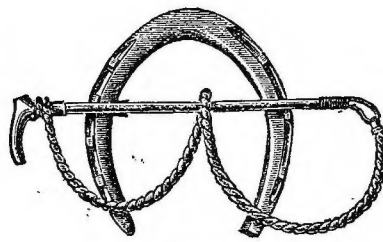
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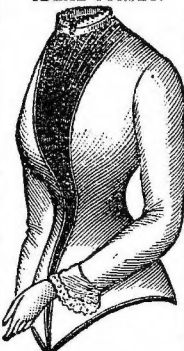
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White or Black, stitched gold, 8*s*. 3*d*. and 10*s*. 3*d*. and 14*s*. 3*d*. and 18*s*. Length 13 inches. Beware of persuasion to take substitute when "IDEAL" not in stock. Also beware of Corsets called "Beau Ideal," or similar sounding names, which are quite different. See words "IDEAL CORSET, PATENTED," stamped on breast-regulators. Waist measure required of ordinary corset unstretched.

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BENZINE COLLAS, which is the best article for removing Grease, Oil, Tar, Paint, and all Fatty Substances from Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Cloths, Furniture, &c. See the word "Collas" on the label and cap—none other are genuine. To be had of all Chemists. Price 6*d*. 1*s*. and 1*s*. 6*d*. per Bottle. Agents—J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford Street, London, W.



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The only scientific combination in the world that renews the original colour of the hair without injuring the living principle which feeds, moistens, and sustains the fibres.

### MADAME FOX'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR.

AN INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORER. A SPECIFIC FOR BALDNESS. A PERFECT HAIR DRESSING. POSITIVELY HARMLESS.



A DEODORIZED PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM and the Extract of the Leaves of the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). The Acme or ne plus ultra Hair Restorer and Hair Preservative.

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THE BALD AND GREY FOR MANY YEARS have put up with Hair Preparations offered, noticing however, from time to time, how science, with progressive strides, was revolutionising every department contributing to the wants of man, save this, and to the discoverers of "MADAME FOX'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR," belong the commendation and award of the first real advance and complete result. With the introduction of "MADAME FOX'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR" dates a new epoch in the treatment of the Hair and Scalp. The results following its use border on the marvellous.

STOP USING HAIR RESTORERS AND PREPARATIONS that give but partial results, and begin the use of this valuable specific AT ONCE. It positively reproduces the natural colour of the Hair, a Re-growth of Hair on Bald Spots, and a healthy scalp skin. It surpasses all Pomades and Oils. It is unrivalled in its delicacy and agreeableness. Its perfume is delightful. It is absolutely innocuous, and no possible ill effects can result from its use.

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# LACTOPEPTINE, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

NOT A SECRET REMEDY—FORMULA STATED ON EACH BOTTLE.

ITS GENUINENESS AND PURITY CERTIFIED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AND CHEMICAL AUTHORITY.

**THE MOST SERIOUS OUT-**  
COME of modern social life is the prevalence of  
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

**NO ONE** is altogether free from  
one or other of the manifold forms in which this  
scourge attacks the human body, and no dietetic rules  
can be framed which would insure deliverance from the  
insidious attacks of this foe.

**THERE** is no age and no condition  
of life exempt from its assaults.

**ITS** tortures are as sure to  
get hold of us as that we live.

**THE** extended use and  
adoption of LACTOPEPTINE  
by the Medical Profession affords indis-  
putable evidence that its therapeutic  
value has been thoroughly established in  
cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of  
Appetite, Impoverished Blood, General  
Debility, Intestinal and Wasting Diseases  
of Children, Chronic Diarrhoea, Constipa-  
tion, Headache, Nausea, and in every  
description of stomach ailment or disease,  
and even where all other known remedies  
have failed and proved ineffectual.

**ONE** of the chief features of  
LACTOPEPTINE (and the one  
which must gain it a preference over all  
digestive remedies) is, that it precisely  
represents in composition the natural diges-  
tive juices of the stomach, pancreas,  
and salivary glands, and will therefore readily  
dissolve all foods.

**FROM** "Retrospect of  
Practical Medicine and Surgery,"  
July, 1877.—"A glance at the formula  
of LACTOPEPTINE would convince  
even the most sceptical of the valuable  
results that must ensue through its  
administration."

**FROM** the "British Medical  
JOURNAL."—"We have submitted  
the LACTOPEPTINE to trial, and can  
confidently recommend it."

**FROM** the "London Medi-  
cal TIMES and GAZETTE."—"Where  
we have had an opportunity of pre-  
sentsing it, its employment has been de-  
cidedly satisfactory."

**FROM** the "London Medi-  
cal PRESS and CIRCULAR."—"Such  
a formula is a desideratum, consider-  
ing that the preparations of Pepsin now in  
use have disappointed the expectations of  
many practitioners."

**FROM** the "Physician and  
Pharmacist."—"We have no hesita-  
tion in affirming that LACTOPEPTINE  
has proved itself to be the most impor-  
tant addition ever made to our Pharma-  
copoeia."

**FROM** the "Physician's  
MONITOR."—"We have in this  
preparation, we believe, the only perfect  
dyspeptic remedy that can be produced, for  
it supplies those deficient natural elements  
that are required to perfectly digest food,  
and the digestive organs are restored to  
their normal condition."

**FROM** "Medical and Surgical  
Reporter," Phila.—"We have employed it in  
cases of obstinate Dyspepsia, and have been gratified,  
even surprised, at the very excellent results obtained  
in the great majority of cases."

**FROM** "Cincinnati Lancet and  
Observer."—"In the treatment of Diarrhoea  
produced by imperfect digestion we have had most  
satisfactory results from the use of LACTOPEP-  
TINE; also in cases of Impaired Digestion. This is  
one of the most valuable pharmaceutical preparations  
that have been placed in the hands of the profession.  
We take pleasure in attesting to its value."

**FROM** "Cincinnati Medical News."—"It  
has been found to be an excellent remedy  
in Gastritis, Chronic Dyspepsia, in Diarrhoea, &c.  
It has received much praise in wasting diseases  
attended with improper digestion of food."

**FROM** "Canada Lancet."—"We  
have used it in many forms of Dyspepsia and  
wasting diseases, with remarkable beneficial results."

**FROM** "St. Louis Medical and  
Surgical Journal."—"We have, for several  
months been prescribing LACTOPEPTINE as an  
important aid to digestion. The theory of its action  
being prescribed above with evidence of its posses-  
sion."

**FROM** "Missouri Medical Journal."—"LACTOPEPTINE is, far excellence, the remedy  
for weak and imperfect digestion."

**PROFESSOR ATTFIELD, Ph.D.,**  
F.R.S., F.I.C., F.C.S., Professor of Practical  
Chemistry, the Pharmaceutical Society of Great  
Britain, reports as follows:—

"LONDON, May 3, 1882.

"LACTOPEPTINE having been  
prescribed for some of my friends, during the  
past five years—apparently with very satisfactory  
results, its formula, which is stated on the bottles, and  
its general characters, have become well-known to me.  
But recently the Manufacturer of this article had asked

**LACTOPEPTINE** wholly super-  
seded the administration of purgatives—salts,  
cathartic or aerated waters.

**IT** reduces the Labour required from  
the Stomach; gives it, when weak, the necessary  
period for repose and recuperation; and enables it to  
carry out its natural operations without impairing any  
function.

**LACTOPEPTINE** never fails to  
bring about the digestion of food in a manner  
perfectly identical to that obtained under the influence  
of the natural gastric juices, and enable the process of  
digestion to be completed without straining the power  
of the stomach.

**A FEW** doses of LACTOPEPTINE  
soon restore these organs to their proper  
functions, and the headache ceases.

**IN** the same manner they relieve all  
forms of biliousness, such as dizziness, nausea,  
drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue,  
loss of appetite, pains in the side, sallow skin, &c.

**A DOSE** taken immediately after  
eating causes the process of digestion to begin  
at once, prevents dyspepsia and indigestion, with sour  
rising of food from the stomach, and relieves the  
distress caused by too hearty eating.

**COPY** of Letter Signed by Leading  
Chemists and Druggists throughout the  
country. For want of space a few only are given:—  
"The undersigned, Wholesale Druggists and Dealers  
in Medicine, have pleasure in stating that we have  
sold the LACTOPEPTINE since its introduction,  
and find it to be an article of increasing sale and  
reputation." James Wooley, Sons, and Co.,  
William Mather, Manchester; Goodall, Backhouse,  
and Co., Hirst, Brook, and Hirst, Leeds; Ferris and  
Co., Bristol; Hamilton, Long and Co. (Lim.), Dublin;  
Anderson and Adams, Dublin; Boileau and Boyd,  
Dublin; W. Webb, Manager, Apothecaries' Hall,  
Dublin; W. and R. Hattrick and Co., Glasgow; Brown  
Brothers and Co., Glasgow; Glasgow Apothecary  
Company, Glasgow; Glasgow New Apothecary  
Company, Glasgow; Michael Rogerson and Son,  
Wm. King, Huddersfield; Bradley and  
Biss, Reading; Wyleys and Co., Co-  
ventry and London; Nathl. Smith and  
Co., Cheltenham; Evans, Gadd, and Co.,  
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Hughes, Bath; Fredk. Clifton, Derby;  
W. Proctor and Son, Newcastle-on Tyne;  
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H. C. Crase, Southsea; Thomas R. Lester,  
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and Pinkerton, Edinburgh; Raines and  
Co., Edinburgh, York, and Liverpool;  
Jas. Sim and Co., Aberdeen; Wm. Foggit,  
Thirsk; John McGuffie and Co., Liver-  
pool; Jas. McCormick, Castlederg, Ire-  
land; John Saville, York; Saml. Jas. Coley,  
Stroud, &c., &c., &c.

**WE** also have the pleasure  
to refer to any of the London  
Wholesale Druggists and Medicine Houses,  
among whom may be mentioned—Apothecaries'  
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pany; Allen and Hanbury; Ashton and Par-  
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INDIAN FIRMS, all of whom supply  
the genuine LACTOPEPTINE.

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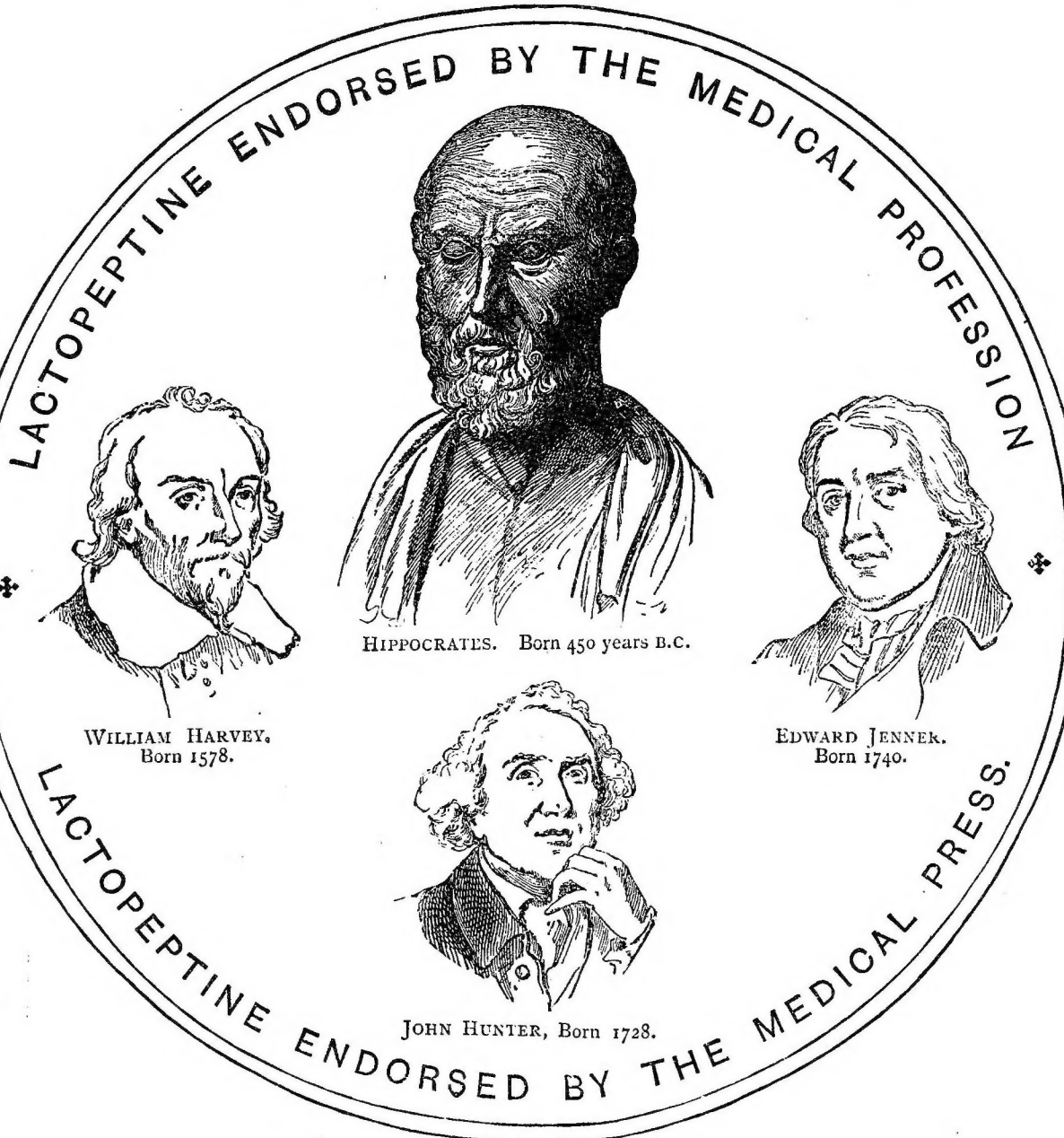
JOHN M. RICHARDS,

MANUFACTURING CHEMIST,

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GREAT RUSSELL ST.,

LONDON.



me to witness its preparation on a large scale, to take  
samples of its ingredients from large bulks and  
examine them, and also mix them myself, and to pre-  
pare LACTOPEPTINE from ingredients made under  
my own direction; doing all this with the object of  
certifying that LACTOPEPTINE is what its maker  
represents it to be, and that its ingredients are in  
professing it to be, and that its ingredients are in  
quality the best that can be obtained. This I have  
done, and I now report that the almost inodorous and  
tasteless pulverulent substance termed LACTOPEP-  
TINE is a mixture of the three chief agents which  
enable ourselves and all animals to digest food—that is  
say, LACTOPEPTINE is a skillfully prepared com-  
bination of MEAT-CONVERTING, FAT-CONVERTING, and  
STARCH-CONVERTING materials, acidified with those  
small proportions of the acids that are always present  
in the healthy stomach; all being powdered sugar of milk.  
The acids used at the factory—lactic and hydrochloric  
—are the best to be met with, and are perfectly com-  
bined to form a permanent preparation; the milk sugar  
is absolutely pure; the powder known as 'diastase' or  
starch-digesting (bread, potato, and pastry-digesting)  
material, as well as the 'pancreatin' or fat-digest-  
ing ingredients, are as good as any I can pre-  
pare; while the pepsine is much superior to that  
ordinarily used in medicine. Indeed, as regards this  
chief ingredient—pepsin—I have only met with one  
European or American specimen equal to that made and  
used by the manufacturer of LACTOPEPTINE. A  
perfectly parallel series of experiments showed that any  
given weight of acidified pepsin alone at first acts some-  
what more rapidly than LACTOPEPTINE containing  
the same weight of the same pepsin. Sooner or later,  
however, the action of the LACTOPEPTINE over-  
takes and outstrips that of pepsin alone—due, no  
doubt, to the meat-digesting, as well as fat-digesting,  
power of the pancreatin contained in the LACTOPEP-  
TINE. My conclusion is that LACTOPEP-  
TINE is a most valuable digesting agent, and superior  
to Pepsin.

JOHN ATTFIELD."

**IT** also restores the Deranged and  
Torpid Liver to its normal condition, and healthful  
action; removes and prevents Constipation by secur-  
ing a natural and regular action of the bowels, and  
relieves those unpleasant symptoms which attend a  
diseased or morbid condition of the Liver, Stomach,  
and Bowels.

**LACTOPEPTINE** is not purgative  
or relaxing in its effect.

**MANY** persons have a wrong idea of  
this medicine, and suppose it has not had its  
proper results unless a violent purge immediately follows  
a dose.

**MEDICINES** which violently  
purge simply pass out of the system, and  
seldom remove the cause of trouble, or improve the  
general health.

**OF** the many complaints in which  
LACTOPEPTINE has shown most prompt  
and decided success none have been more quickly  
relieved than the various forms of headache, and it is  
safe to say, that nine cases out of ten of this distressing  
complaint are due to inactive or sluggish liver, with  
constipation.

**EVERY** person suffering from  
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any symptom of  
a "Stomach out of Order" should send for a pamphlet  
respecting the positive cure by the use of LACTOPEP-  
TINE, and read the cases and letters from  
Medical Men in every part of the world, showing  
results in practice.

**MORE** than 1,000 Doctors, 10,000  
Chemists, and the entire Medical Press have  
certified as to the remarkable efficacy of LACTOPEP-  
TINE.

**IT** is rational in the theory of its  
action, and cures all disorders of the Digestive  
Organs.

**LACTOPEPTINE** can be obtained  
of all Chemists, and may also be sent by post to  
any address on receipt of 4s. 6d.

**EACH** bottle contains forty-eight  
10-grain doses. It is agreeable to the taste,  
and may be taken in either wine or water, after meals.



**CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.**  
 Waldeck Waltz. D'Albert.  
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 Drink, Puppy, Drink, Polka. D'Albert.  
 Visions d'Amour, Valse. G. & A. Delbrück.  
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 Dedicated by permission to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.  
 Played at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace.  
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 Played at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace.  
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 Price 2s. each net.

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 (Sung by Mr. F. King).  
 In the Twilight of Our Love. A. Sullivan.  
 (Drawing-room version of "Silverd is the Raven Hair," from "Patience").  
 Price 2s. each net.

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 by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, now being performed at the Savoy Theatre with enormous success.  
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 All the following sent post free for half price.  
 PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.  
 ROYTON SMITH'S Fantasia. 4 0  
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**MRS. L. MONCRIEFF'S NEW SONGS.**  
 'Twas Only a Year Ago, Love.  
 A Creole Love Song. Thoughts at Sunrise.  
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